

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

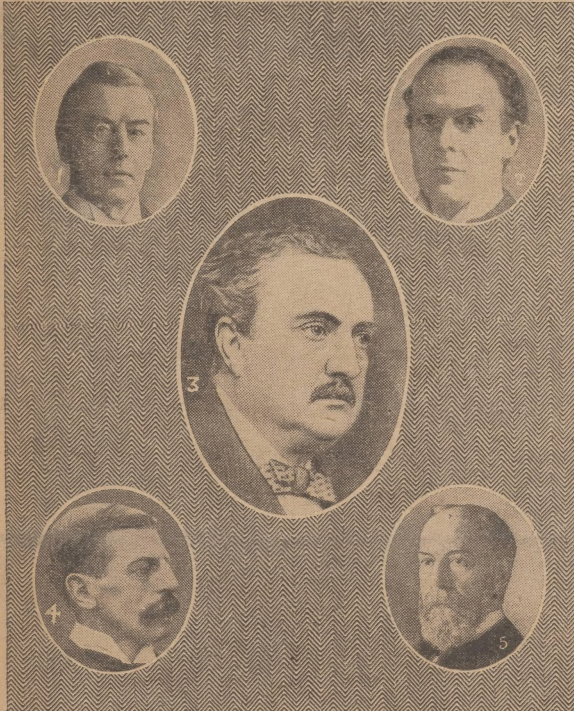
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One Halfpenny.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGN BEGINS.



To-night five important speeches will be made in different parts of the kingdom by (1) Mr. Chamberlain, at Birmingham; (2) Mr. Lyttelton, at Wolverhampton; (3) Mr. J. Redmond, at Wexford; (4) Mr. Fellowes, at Ramsey; and (5) Sir Charles Dilke, at Nottingham. —(Elliott and Fry, Russell, and Beresford.)

LORD MINTO LEAVES FOR INDIA.



A great crowd of friends and well-wishers assembled at Victoria yesterday morning to bid the new Viceroy God-speed. Lord Minto is marked with an X. Close at hand can be seen Mr. Balfour.

CIVIL WAR IN RUSSIA.



(1) A street scene with the artillery on guard—they have just broken down a barricade shown in the right-hand corner; (2) Marszalkowska-street, Warsaw, where the infantry fired and wounded two people; (3) Town Hall, Kieff, where the Tsar's picture was torn down and from the balcony a lawyer spoke to the crowd through the frame of the picture—he was torn in pieces; and (4) troops patrolling the streets and enforcing order.

FINLAND RAISES FLAG OF REVOLT.

Russian Viceroy Said to Have
Abdicated His Post.

POLISH RISING.

Disorder and Bloodshed Throughout
the Tsar's Empire.

JEWISH MASSACRES.

That Russia's troubles are only beginning is evident from this morning's telegrams.

The most serious news is from Finland, the province which, with cynical indifference to solemn pledges, the Tsar has sought to enslave during the past few years. Decree after decree robbing the Finns of their ancient liberties guaranteed under the Constitution granted by the Tsar Alexander has been issued, till the last vestiges of freedom have disappeared.

Now the Finns seem determined, in the midst of Russia's perplexities, to strike a blow either for independence or a restoration of their status. That it will succeed is doubtful, but the Finns have set about matters in a very business-like way, and the Governor-General, Prince Obolensky, is said to have abdicated. The people have taken the affairs of the police and gendarmes into their own hands, and the native flag is hoisted on all public buildings.

Elsewhere in Russia the flame of revolt blazes high. The capital is quietening down, and there is less fighting between the "Reds" and "Whites," who correspond to the Jacobins and Girondists in the French Revolution. But in many parts of the provinces the position is worse to-day than it ever was.

Poland and Odessa stand out as the main seats of anarchy. Warsaw and the other towns are seething with rebellion, which is being repressed by the stern measures usually taken in that Russian Ireland. In Odessa the mob still rules, and the lives of all respectable people are at the mercy of hooligans, or of troops as savage.

Meanwhile, the distracted Tsar, ever halting between two opinions, has issued another forlorn manifesto, appealing to the people to be quiet and have the patience to see what his "reforms" really are. With all these fair words, however, Trofim still represents the Tsardom in St. Petersburg.

THE REVOLT IN FINLAND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" telegraphs:

Yesterday the Governor-General of Finland, Prince Obolensky, formally abdicated in the presence of the whole population of Helsinki.

The Russian flag has been replaced by the Finnish flag on all the public buildings.

HELSINKI, Thursday.—At Tammerfors and Jyväskylä the gendarmes have been arrested, and at the former place a new director of police has

not leave his post, but he pledged himself immediately to tender his resignation.—Reuter.

The policing is done voluntarily by students and workpeople. At one o'clock the Russian Government had ceased to exist in Finland. The administration is entirely in the hands of the revolutionists, who have been joined by the police and soldiers.

HAPARANDA, Thursday.—A telegram from Uleaborg states that work has ceased at all the public offices, with the exception of the municipal buildings. The Governor, burgomaster, and the chief of police have been declared to be dismissed. All the schools and shops are closed.—Reuter.

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Temps" this evening expresses the opinion that the rupture in Finland is a sad omen for the Russian Empire.—Exchange.

STRIKE TO END TO-DAY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The strike committee has decided that the general strike shall end at noon to-morrow.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—From a number of provincial towns is reported that the preventive censorship on newspapers was removed yesterday. It is officially explained that the expression "freedom of speech" in the imperial manifesto is meant to include freedom of the Press.—Reuter.

PARIS, Thursday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Eclair," telegraphing yesterday, says:

"I learn from a sure source that a complete amnesty for political offences will be promulgated in two days."—Reuter.

MORE SLAUGHTER IN WARSAW

WARSAW, Thursday, 4.30 p.m.—At three o'clock this afternoon a company of infantry fired upon the crowd, who were shouting "Wretches! Assassins!" Two persons were killed and seven wounded.

The Socialists are attacking processions organised to celebrate the imperial manifesto, and many fights have occurred.—Reuter.

WARSAW, Thursday, 11.34 p.m.—To-day fighting broke out at different points in the city, the infantry firing on, and the cavalry charging, the crowds. Three persons were killed and forty-two wounded. Bullets, swords, and the butt-ends of rifles were freely employed in dispersing demonstrators.—Reuter.

At Radom (Poland) barricades were erected in the streets and bombs were thrown. The troops fired, and there were many victims on both sides.

COSSACKS LET LOOSE TO KILL.

KAZAN, Monday (delayed in transmission).—Terrible deeds of plunder and violence on the part of the police and troops have occurred here.

The impression given by the facts is that the Cossacks and police were simply let loose in the main streets of the town without plan, object, or orders, to kill and plunder at their will. They began by pillaging shops, appeals on the part of the proprietors to the authorities remaining unanswered.

The troops employed their rifles in all directions, firing on the District Court building and private residences without discrimination. Lighted windows were made targets of, wherever seen, and the slightest movement on the part of the occupants of the houses, such as the lighting of a match, was sufficient to draw a volley. People peacefully walking along the streets were sent flying by rifle fire, many being killed or wounded.

Waskresenskaia-street has been turned into a shambles. Immense pools of blood dye the snow, one of the greatest extent lying opposite the Ecclesiastical Seminary.

A large crowd to-day proceeded to the police headquarters and removed the arms kept there to the municipality offices for the use of the town militia.—Reuter.

PIOUS PILLAGERS.

The Jews have suffered in various parts of the empire. At Minsk, where many were killed and wounded, the doctors were working all night in the Jewish Hospital.

At Kherson the mob first pillaged Jewish shops, and then went to a thanksgiving service in connection with the Tsar's manifesto. The same thing occurred at Vyazme, and at Kieff, where the police and military simply looked on.

WIDOW'S WARLIKE SPEECH.

MOSCOW, Wednesday.—A collision occurred at the Iverskaia Gate between two processions of revolutionaries and "patriots," and the "patriots" were put to flight by the revolutionaries, who fired on them.

A crowd made a demonstration outside the Technological Institute, where the widow of Veterinary-Surgeon Baumann, who was killed in the riots, made a speech, appealing for an armed rising.—Reuter.

DEPUTATION CUT UP.

At Poltava the Cossacks dispersed a peaceful deputation which the chief of police had called to assemble in order to be presented at the liberation of political prisoners. Some were killed, and a great number seriously wounded, in several cases mortally. Twenty-eight of the victims are lying in hospital.—Reuter.

Revolutionists are absolutely masters of the town of Kieff.

PANIC IN ODESSA.

Whole Town in the Hands of
Bands of Marauders.

ODESSA, Thursday, 4.40 p.m.—The town to-day presents a dismal appearance. The streets are for the most part deserted and strewn with wreckage, and in many of them only Cossack patrols and Red Cross detachments following them are to be seen. Bands of marauders are pillaging shops, chiefly in the Jewish quarter, and stripping them of goods, which are then openly divided among the looters and carried away.

Many hundreds of persons have been killed or wounded in encounters with the troops. Firing has continued throughout the day without interruption, and the Cossacks are in conflict with the students' militia, who are bravely attempting to prevent massacre and pillage.

The Rector of the university has telegraphed to Count Witte, begging him immediately to dismiss the Prefect, M. Neidhardt, who is declared to be the real author of the disturbances. The Rector adds that unless this course is taken a catastrophe is inevitable.

Count Witte's reply has not yet been received. Indescribable panic continues to reign in the town.—Reuter.

ODESSA, Thursday, 5 p.m.—In three cases to-day unknown persons fired from the balconies on the troops below. The soldiers at once rushed into the houses, and with unheard-of barbarity massacred all the inhabitants.—Reuter.

ODESSA, Thursday (delayed).—Wednesday, 5 p.m.—Downright anarchy prevails here. The town is in the hands of some hundreds of scoundrels, who are fraternising with the police and marching through the principal streets carrying national flags, portraits of the Emperor and icons, and singing national hymns.

The population are in a state of panic, and are afraid to leave their houses. Incassable looting has been going on during the whole day, while at every moment hospital wagons pass carrying the killed, wounded, and mutilated.—Reuter.

QUID PRO QUO?

Russia Gives Germany the Contract To Bring
Home Her Manchurian Army.

Germany is not extending her sympathy to Russia for nothing. It is now confirmed that the Russian Government has entered into a provisional agreement with the North German Lloyd Company that it shall have the major portion of the work of conveying home by sea the Russian troops from Manchuria.

The price is £12 10s. per head.—What work the North German Lloyd cannot undertake will be entrusted to other German firms. The tenders of British firms, who were first in the field, have been completely ignored.

LORD MINTO'S FAREWELL.

New Viceroy Leaves for India—Lord Curzon's
Illness Causing Anxiety.

LORD Minto, accompanied by Lady Minto, his four daughters and his son, left London yesterday to take up his duties as Viceroy of India.

Among the many distinguished people who assembled at Victoria Station to bid the party farewell were H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Brodick.

The condition of the present Viceroy, Lord Curzon, caused considerable anxiety yesterday.

An Exchange telegram from Lahore said that his temperature was 101deg, and his fever had been almost continuous since Saturday.

Two doctors besides his own surgeon have been in constant attendance.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

One British ship, the Barracouta, one American, one Norwegian, and three German, seized by Japan during the war, have been released.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught witnessed last night's performance, at the Court Theatre, of Mr. G. B. Shaw's play, "Man and Superman."

A general dockyard strike at the five French naval ports is threatened because five men at Brest have been suspended for uttering abusive words against the Minister of Marine.

It is stated on trustworthy authority in Vienna that the Emperor has instructed the Premier to draft a measure granting universal suffrage in Austria, partly to impress the Hungarian Coalition.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for today is:—Variable, gusty breezes; continuing changeable and showery; bright intervals; cool.
Lighting-up time, 5.38 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate.

THE ROMANCE OF A PEERAGE

Suggestion of a Plot To Drown the
Claimant at Sea.

ONLY "SUSPICION."

How "Lord Carlingford" Claimed His Title
at Court.

Most sensational evidence was given yesterday in the case before the Dublin Chancery Division in which Mr. Godwin Barnham Swift claims the title and his brother are lawful sons of the late Lord Carlingford, and therefore entitled to share in their father's personal estate, which is said to be worth £20,000 a year.

The facts are singular. The person known as the late Lord Carlingford married a Miss Hopkins (the claimants' mother, but it is alleged for the defence that he already had a wife living in Austria, known as the Bygoness de Wetzlar. After the death of the claimants' mother Lord Carlingford married again, and his widow is contesting his claim on the ground that the claimant and his brother were illegitimate.

HID IN A PLANTATION.

Mr. Swift yesterday proceeded to relate to the Court the strange story of his career.

It was the intention of his father, he said, that he should first go into the merchant service, and thus get into the royal Navy. When he was told he was to go to sea he ran away and hid in a plantation.

He was supplied with a most extraordinary sash, inscribed "The Hon. G. B. Swift." He went over to London and travelled to Plymouth, but the captain refused to allow him to join his ship, the Sandringham. Afterwards he joined the Royal Alice, bound for Sydney. He again found the Sandringham at Calcutta, but it afterwards went down with 700 coolies on board.

It was at Calcutta that he heard of his father's death. When he came home he saw Mrs. Swift (his stepmother). She said she supposed he was lost in the Sandringham. She told him and his brother she would give each of them £20, and that they must seek their living elsewhere.

Witness and his brother immediately left, going to his sister, Mrs. O'Flaherty, in London, and subsequently joining the Monarch, an old gun frigate, bound for New Zealand.

SUGGESTION OF "SCUTTLE."

The Solicitor-General: Did you give any instructions for formulating a charge against the defendant—Mrs. Swift—of having, with the assistance of her relatives, endeavoured to entrap you to go into a ship the captain of which was to scuttle it?—Oh, no; an unseaworthy ship.

Counsel: And, consequently, to drown you?—She was lost—and she was lost.

And was it done for the express purpose?—That the charge you have made?—There is great suspicion about it.

To secure your death?—That was the suspicion. Do you charge that to-day?—Well, as far as suspicion goes, I was told on board the other vessel that I was sent away to be got rid of.

Mr. Swift then stated that when he was in little village and starving for want of money he wrote to Mrs. Swift for an advance of £10 or £20, to enable him to return to Canada, his adopted country.

"NO, I AM LORD CARLINGFORD."

Counsel called his attention to an interrogatory in which the charge was made that Mrs. Swift, by corrupt means, induced plaintiffs solicitor to betray his clients.

Witness said that the solicitor referred to was his own wife's father. They all suspected that Mr. Swift had bribed his wife's father to betray his professional duty.

Mrs. O'Flaherty, sister of plaintiff, and widow of Dr. O'Flaherty, a London physician, said she was the daughter of the late Godwin Swift, commonly called Viscount Carlingford. At the first Drawing Room held after the death of the Prince Consort Lord Carlisle was Lord-Lieutenant, and she was presented as the Hon.-Miss Swift. Her father attended the Levee, and she thought there was some demur about him being presented as Lord Carlingford.

He was ushered in as Godwin Swift, Esq., and he said, "No, I am Lord Carlingford." She was taken to the vault where her mother was buried, and her father pointed out the coffin with the name Viscountess Carlingford.

The case was adjourned.

PLAGUE AND THE PRINCE.

LAHORE, Thursday.—The whole city of Raw Pindi is affected with plague.

Extraordinary precautions are being taken in view of the royal visit in December, but the season of plague prevalence is at hand, and the prospects cause some uneasiness.—Exchange.



PRINCE OBOLENSKY.

been appointed. The police-office here has been handed over to the charge of the citizen-guard. Captain Koch and Colonel Gordier have been appointed chiefs of police.

Similar civic guards have been organised in all the towns for the maintenance of order.

The people are enthusiastic and in high spirits at the progress of the reform movement. On the Senate House and on many other buildings the strikers have hoisted the coat-of-arms of Finland. Sixteen guns arrived here to-day. No disorders occurred.

The Governor-General told a deputation from a constitutional meeting that, as a soldier, he could

L.C.C. WANTS TO SPEND £30,000,000.

Vast Electric Scheme That Will Frighten the Ratepayer.

FIGHT FOR MONOPOLY.

London is on the eve of the greatest fight for a monopoly ever known in this country.

The London County Council is perfecting a scheme, of which public notice will be given in a few days, which has for its object the creation of a giant monopoly in electric power generation, a monopoly which will "corner" all the power production in London and an area surrounding it as large as big again.

On the other hand, the great Administrative Power Company, with its five millions of capital provided by leading members of both political parties, is also preparing to re-enter the fight for the monopoly.

The London borough councils are, at the same time, arming themselves for the defence of their petty generating plant, and local control and the electric light companies are combining and asking for more capital with which to make their positions impregnable.

A sum of something like £30,000,000 is involved. Whoever secures the monopoly will need that amount from the investing public.

£2,500,000 Endangered.

The London County Council's plan of campaign, which will be unfolded at a conference on November 20, is to secure the adhesion of all the borough councils in London and the various councils outside to their great scheme for supplying electrical energy wholesale.

The wholesale system is inevitable, owing to its enormously cheapened methods of production. If it succeeds, a total of £2,500,000 borrowed by the local ratepayers for generating stations and machinery will be endangered, whether a company or the Council secures the monopoly.

Ought the London County Council to speculate any further with the ratepayers' credit? That is the question which must be answered at the meeting of the Council on November 14.

The Council's debt is already £48,000,000. Next week £800,000 will be added to it for twenty-two miles of tramways, and, what with Thames tunnels, bridges, tramways, and other works, £15,000,000 will be added to the present debt by the end of 1908.

Improvements not now returning a penny to the ratepayer are costing him £250,000 a year in interest alone. The Thames steamboats' failure is notorious. If the Council go to Parliament with their electric supply scheme they will pledge the credit of the Council to an ultimate expenditure of about £30,000,000, all of which will be spent in about six years.

Debt of £128,000,000.

The normal borrowing of the Council is at the rate of £5,000,000 a year. If therefore the electrical power scheme is carried the Council's own debt will amount in 1915—ten years hence—to £128,000,000.

Should Parliament hand over the Port of London to the Council there will be another £40,000,000 to add to the debt.

The prospect is appalling. On the Council's own evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee there is nothing to show that the return from the speculation would be sufficient to meet expenses, for the interest on such a huge debt would be £600,000 a year.

One thing is certain. In the near future the ratepayers may expect to see all their machinery for producing electricity thrown on to the scrap-heap and their generating stations turned into distributing stations.

CRUSHED BY THE RATES.

Yarrow's Decide To Remove Their Shipbuilding Works from Poplar to the North.

News of the utmost importance to Poplar was announced yesterday. Messrs. Yarrow and Co., the well-known steamship builders, have decided to transfer their works from the present site in the Isle of Dogs to the north, either on the C yde or Tyne.

At a meeting of Poplar ratepayers held to protest against the heavy rates last night, it was mentioned that Messrs. Yarrow employed 1,200 men, and their removal would vastly increase the distress of the district.

This removal is typical of what is happening in other districts. At Edmonton yesterday the chairman of the district council, who employs 400 brick-makers, said he would close his works if the rate went beyond 2s. 6d. After this threat the council decided to limit it to that amount.

Messrs. Bryant and May's and other well-known manufacturers have already raised similar warnings.

Remarkable scenes were witnessed in Exeter Hall yesterday, when, under the guidance of "General" Booth, Salvationists, with a sprinkling of outsiders, held a "day of prayer."

ARE WE IMMORTAL?

Sir Oliver Lodge Argues That the Soul Is Indestructible.

Speaking on "Science and Religion" at the City Temple last night Sir Oliver Lodge, the well-known scientist, argued in favour of a belief in immortality.

He said we knew that matter could neither be created nor destroyed, and we had the law of the conservation of energy. Was there also a law of the conservation of life?

We took a live thing and thought we had destroyed its life. But had we, or had we turned it into some unrecognisable form?

He wanted to put it into their heads that whatever really existed must persist.

He did not believe in things jumping into existence or jumping out of existence. Everything must have had a past, and must have a future.

But it might be asked: Would personality and individuality persist equally with life? His reply was that, if they really had a personality, an individuality, worth perpetuating, it could not go out of existence.

His belief was—and he admitted this was speculation, though founded on scientific grounds—that only a bit of him was now in his body for a certain number of years, and that he would rejoin his larger self, with all the memory and experience he had gained on this earth, to find that he had a much larger personality than he had any idea of at present.

THE KING AT THE RACES.

Watches Pretty Polly Win the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket.

The King drove up to the racecourse at Newmarket shortly before one o'clock yesterday, and spent a considerable portion of the afternoon in the paddock.

A very cold south-westerly wind made wraps necessary. The King, in a heavy overcoat, with collar turned up, watched from a sheltered spot under the Jockey Club stand the contest for the Dewhurst Plate, a race regarded by some as a two-year-old Derby.

It resulted in a win for Mr. J. L. Dugdale's Picton, the favourite, Admirable Crichton, running unplaced.

But that defeat for Major Eustace Loder was more than compensated for immediately afterwards in the victory of Pretty Polly in the Jockey Club Cup, the peerless filly winning just as easily as her jockey pleased.

The King returns to Buckingham Palace this evening, and leaves again to-morrow for Sandringham.

HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH £900,000.

Extraordinary Escapade of British Vessel Engaged in Blockade-Running.

There has just come to light the remarkable escapade of the steamer Carlisle, belonging to Leith, which left Vladivostok last December with ammunition worth over £900,000, destined for Port Arthur.

But before Port Arthur was reached it had surrendered, and Captain Jessen had to alter his course. Three hundred miles to the eastward of Yokohama the Carlisle lost all her propeller blades, but the captain managed to rig up some sails, and navigated his vessel 2,000 miles southwards to San Miguel Bay, Caramines, in the Philippines.

The Japanese in the vicinity heard of the vessel's arrival, and, disguised as fishermen, set out in four sampans to attack the ship. They were, however, beaten off.

Subsequently the Carlisle was interned at Manila by the American authorities, but one night she escaped, and, at the end of last May, steamed into Saigon, where she lies at the present moment, the captain refusing to land his cargo owing, it is believed, to some dispute with the Russian Government over the question of payment.

COMPLIMENT TO BRITAIN.

In recommending the people to vote for a monarchical system of Government, the Norwegian Government pays Britain the compliment of saying that the system should be based on the British Constitution.

£36,374 CLAIM DISMISSED.

After four days' hearing before the Lord Chief Baron at Dublin of the action of Messrs. Pearson, contractors, of London, against the Dublin Corporation, for the sum of £36,374 in connection with the erection of the city utility works, the jury yesterday found in favour of the corporation.

NO VOTES FOR SOLDIERS.

PRETORIA, Thursday.—The revising barrister has rejected claims for military votes under the new Constitution on the grounds that the pay is not earned in the Colony, and that barracks' tenancy is not legal domicile.—*Reuter.*

MYSTERY OF A WEALTHY LADY.

Disappears from a London Hotel Under Strange Circumstances.

FRUITLESS SEARCH.

An extraordinary story has just come to light of the disappearance of an elderly lady from a London hotel some weeks ago.

It appears that in the latter part of the summer a Miss Auchmuty, a lady of considerable private means, who had spent some time in travel, took apartments at the Charing Cross Hotel. Her circle of friends was apparently limited. However, among the persons who enjoyed her confidence was a married lady stopping at the same hotel.

To this lady Miss Auchmuty expressed certain forebodings at times. It would seem that several attempts had been made to obtain financial help from her on the part of ostensible friends, though Miss Auchmuty, being possessed of considerable discernment and firmness of will, had usually been well able to protect her own interests.

"I Am Afraid."

On one occasion, however, she said to this friend, "I am afraid they are going to try to take me away. Do not let them."

In view of subsequent events these words have a strange significance. Only a few days after uttering them Miss Auchmuty, it appears, was taken downstairs by some persons unknown and placed in a closed carriage, which drove off to some destination that remains unknown.

When Miss Auchmuty's departure became known to her friend, the latter, surprised that she had left so suddenly without any previous intimation, made inquiries as to her whereabouts. But she was confronted with a baffling problem. No information was forthcoming.

All sorts of forebodings crossed her mind as time went on without any news of Miss Auchmuty. Eventually she communicated the mysterious facts to Sir Francis Laking, the distinguished physician who attends the Royal Family. Sir Francis brought the case before the notice of Scotland Yard.

And here the story of Miss Auchmuty's disappearance, as far as it is known, stops. Where she has gone and why she left the hotel under such strange circumstances remains a mystery.

Sir Francis Laking, interviewed by the *Daily Mirror* last night, said he would prefer to say nothing with regard to the matter.

CITIZEN DETECTIVE LEAGUE.

Liverpool Amateur Policemen Suggest Clue to the Liverpool Child Murderer.

The pursuit of the murderer of the Liverpool child-girl, Elizabeth Peers, is being actively pursued by the self-appointed Vigilance Committee, who are working as detectives to aid the police to solve the mystery.

Through one of its members the authorities have secured information pointing unmistakably, they believe, to the identity of the author of the crime.

He is said to have boldly taken the child by the arm and led her along as though he had been her parent.

He is said to be a labourer. He has disappeared from his home, and the police are closely watching all outgoing ships, as the man has led a wandering life, and spent some years at sea. The funeral of the child will take place to-day.

"ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE."

Distinguished Audience at Mr. Tree's Revival of the Ibsen Play.

The politicians who accepted Mr. Tree's invitation to see Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" at His Majesty's Theatre yesterday afternoon had some awkward moments to sit through.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Keir Hardie greatly appreciated the declaration that "the majority is always wrong," but one could see Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill wince as they thought of the sweeping Liberal majority which they expect at the next election. Mr. John Burns, too, looked very glum when municipal authorities were denounced as the stupidest class in the community.

Mr. Tree, as the unappreciated reformer who discovers that "the strongest man is he who stands most alone," acted with much vigour, but not quite enough understanding of the character.

"SATAN TEPIED ME."

"Satan tempted me to murder the child, because my punishment would be less in eternity." This, it was stated at the inquest yesterday, was the extraordinary explanation Nurse Emily Cason gave for cutting the throat of a baby in a Brighton nursing home.

"But the devil has duped me," she had added afterwards. The jury found that the child was killed by a person of unsound mind.

MOCK INFLUENZA.

How Thousands Pity Themselves Without Sufficient Reason.

With the advent of November omnibus and train, shop, office, and house resound with lamentations of the ravages of "influenza."

Whole families are pitying each other, and every office has a man or two off duty.

"They may call it influenza," said a doctor at Charing Cross yesterday, "but it is nothing of the kind. There is very little influenza about. People have acquired the habit of calling every little ailment influenza. A convenient word has come to imply nothing more than that one is 'out of sorts,' or has a bad cold."

"Bad colds are very prevalent, I grant you, and the sudden changes in temperature we have had lately encourage them. Headaches follow as a matter of course. But a cold and headache combined do not constitute influenza."

"Send the patient home, and to bed if the cold is bad, keep him warm and give him a pill."

The 1905 cure for influenza is as follows:—

Go home to bed.

Take a hot bath.

Eat a large Spanish onion, well steamed and passed through a hair sieve, and made very hot by having half a pint of boiling milk poured over it. Pepper and salt to taste.

While consuming this, have the juice of two lemons squeezed into a glass and add two table-spoonsful of whisky. Then put the glass into a pan of water and heat slowly. Taken after the onion mixture, it is calculated to work a cure by the next morning.

This is the "old wives' " remedy that thousands are, or shortly will be, trying.

ANGRY AMERICANS.

Fishing Dispute Becomes Grave Owing to Newfoundland Steamers' Threats.

ST. JOHN'S (Newfoundland), Thursday.—The dispute with the Americans regarding the herring fishery in the Bay of Islands is growing more serious.

Yesterday the Americans there sent off a steamer to take fifty men outside the three-mile limit, where they were to join other American vessels that were expected.

The Colonial cruiser Fiona compelled the steamer, to return, threatening seizure if she went beyond the limit without clearance. This the Customs officers refuse to grant except for a genuine voyage.

The Americans are indignant, and declare that they will appeal to Washington for a warship.—*Reuter.*

PRESIDENT AS STOKER.

Mr. Roosevelt Shovels Coal During His Voyage on a Cruiser.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—President Roosevelt comported himself with his customary geniality on his recent voyage on the cruiser West Virginia.

He delighted the officers, says the "New York Herald," by singing with them the old navy toast, "Sweethearts and Wives."

The stokers also rejoiced when he readily complied with their request that he should try his skill in shovelling coal into the furnace of a boiler.

The shovel, which was handsomely decorated, was afterwards cut in pieces, which the stokers kept as souvenirs. The boiler was christened the "Roosevelt boiler."

GERMAN FORCE CUT UP.

They Retire After the Hottentots Have Killed Forty and Made Large Captures.

Official accounts which have reached Cape Town of the recent German reverse in South-West Africa show that the German report was at least reticent.

The Germans had to retire, and thirty wounded are in hospital at Pella. Hottentots report (says *Reuter*) that forty Germans were killed, and 200 horses, twenty-five rifles, and a liograph captured.

The German column is marching towards Eendon on a mountainous path, and is stated to be scantily supplied with provisions.

The Germans owned to a loss of eighteen killed, including three officers, and thirty-six wounded and missing.

The fight was witnessed by Cape Police across the Orange River. Pella, where the wounded Germans are, is in Cape Colony.

MR. JOHN DONALD'S MATINEE.

Yesterday's testimonial matinee at the New Theatre to Mr. John Donald, acting manager at the Coliseum, and Mr. J. L. Toole's manager for many years, was a great success. Miss Florence St. John and Mr. Arthur Roberts were among the long list of performers.

LORD ROSEBERY AS A WITNESS.

Tells the Story of the Motor-Car
Fatality in the Euston Road.

THE EARL'S GENEROSITY.

Lord Rosebery was a witness yesterday at the inquest upon the body of Fanny Brown, the young factory girl whose death was caused by a motor-car, in which the ex-Premier was riding.

While taking Lord Rosebery from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's home at Gunnersbury to King's Cross on Friday evening, the latter gentleman's car ran the girl down in the Euston-road, causing injuries from which she died at University College Hospital on Monday evening.

Lord Rosebery, wearing a black tie and dark overcoat, arrived about a few minutes before the proceedings opened in the crowded St. Pancras Coroner's Court, and took his seat at the back.

Mr. H. Brodbeck represented the Highways Protection League, and Mr. Mason, who appeared on behalf of Mr. Rothschild, expressed great sorrow at the death of the girl and his sympathy with the relatives. The driver of the motor-car had been in Mr. Rothschild's service for some years, and was a careful and capable chauffeur.

Dying Girl's Words.

After the girl's father had given evidence of identification, Mrs. Laura Pyn, a sister of the dead girl, stated that before her sister died she said:

"I was crossing the road. I heard a shout, and before I had time to move I was knocked down." She added: "I think I felt the wheels go over me twice."

Two constables and other witnesses stated that they saw the deceased start to cross the road. When she was near the refuge in the centre a motor-horn sounded, and the girl stopped and turned half-round. She hesitated, and as she turned to proceed the car knocked her down. She was thrown in front of the car, and neither wheel touched the body. She would, all the witnesses agreed, have reached the refuge if she had not been frightened and stopped.

Lord Rosebery was then called. In his clear, pleasant voice he gave his name as Archibald Philip Primrose.

"I was," he said, "on my way to catch the 11.30 train from King's Cross, and I had been dining at Gunnersbury Park with Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. We left at 10.30, and I think the time of the accident was not later than five minutes past eleven."

"I heard the horn," added Lord Rosebery, turning to the jury, "but I do not know whether it was that or the sight of the girl that first attracted my attention. The girl appeared to be crossing from the side of the road nearest to where I was sitting. I had my back to the pavement. She stopped, and then seemed to take a step forward. I think if she had stopped where she was, so far as I could see, she would have been saved."

"Have you any idea of the speed of the car?" asked the coroner.

"I should say it was a very moderate pace. You see, we had so much time in hand," was the reply.

At Eight Miles an Hour.

"I could not see very well, really," Lord Rosebery explained later. "I was sitting with my back to the pavement, and as it was an omnibus style of car I had only a small square window to see through in the direction of the accident."

A juror: I should like to ask whether the front lights of the car threw a very brilliant light on the road, so that everything could be seen by an occupant of the car.

"I should think they did," said his lordship. "At least, I could see, but whether it was by the light of the street-lamp or the car I really could not say."

Medical evidence was given as to the cause of death, which resulted from internal injuries.

James Fincham, Mr. Rothschild's chauffeur, said that he was proceeding at the rate of between seven and eight miles an hour. He estimated the journey he had to do as six miles, and he had an hour in which to cover the distance. He then confirmed previous witnesses' account of the accident.

The jury, after some slight demur on the question of whether the girl had been dazzled by the brightness of the lamps, returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

We understand that, in addition to paying all funeral expenses, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Rothschild have bestowed a handsome gift upon the parents of the deceased girl.

FIRE NEAR CRUISER'S MAGAZINE.

Flames, which were within 15ft. of the magazine, broke out yesterday in the engineers' store-room of the cruiser *Bacchante*, in Portsmouth Dockyard. Half an hour sufficed to subdue the outbreak.

Ten cases of scarlet fever, said to be due to an infected milk supply which has been traced and stopped, have occurred at Newcastle-under-Lyme.

MR. FRED HORNER, M.P.

Ton of Coals and a Promised Cheque
That Did Not Arrive.

Another cheque story regarding Mr. Fred Horner, M.P., was heard yesterday. It was not a story of a cheque that could not be cashed, but of one that did not arrive.

The statements were made in the Bloomsbury County Court by the manager of Messrs. Radcliffe and Co., who sued Mr. Horner, of Charles-street, Berkeley-square, for 21s. 6d. for a ton of coals supplied last February.

The coals, said the manager, were ordered by telephone. When he asked who Horner was, the reply was: "You know the member of Parliament. I'm Mrs. Horner."

The carman, who delivered the ton on the following day, asked for the money. "It will be all right," was the response. "We will send a cheque."

No cheque was forthcoming, and subsequent attempts to collect the money failed. Hence the present proceedings.

Mr. Horner had notified that he would defend the action, but when the case was called on yesterday there was no appearance on his behalf.

The judge ordered that the money should be paid forthwith.

POLICE HIGHWAYMEN.

Hon. Stephen Coleridge Compares Motor-Car
Trappers to Dick Turpin.

At Brentford Police Court yesterday the Hon. Stephen Coleridge was summoned for driving his motor-car along the Uxbridge-road, Southall, at thirty-four miles an hour.

The defendant did not appear, but sent the following letter by his chauffeur:

On October 13, towards nightfall, I was proceeding in my automobile along a lonely stretch of road, when I was stopped by three highwaymen, who sprang out of the hedge, where they had been lurking. They were armed with stop-watches, and I had no weapons of defence, and no means of refuting anything they might say or do then or tomorrow.

The gentlemen of the road performed their violent interruption of my peaceable journey with the gay courtesy of P.C. Richard Turpin and P.C. Claude Duval to insist on the ladies of my party descending to tread a measure with them in the mud.

Mr. Montagu Sharpe: Tell your master he will be convicted, and the full penalty (£10) imposed, but the case must be formally adjourned for previous convictions to be proved.

FOOTBALLER'S £500 CLAIM.

Famous Centre Forward Resents Charge of
Violence on the Field.

Although the evidence in the interesting football libel action at Glasgow was completed yesterday, it is probable that the Sheriff will not give his decision for a fortnight or three weeks.

The action was brought by James Quinn, of the Glasgow Celtic Football Club, who is regarded as one of the best centre-forwards in Scotland, against the "Glasgow Evening News," which paper accused him of kicking a rival player, named Craig, in the face during a Scottish Cup tie.

On behalf of Quinn, who claims £500, Craig himself was called yesterday, and denied that he had been kicked.

John Gillespie, a retired international, stated that Quinn appeared to lose his head.

DANGERS OF SULPHONAL.

Wife of an India Army Colonel Dies Through
Seeking Sound Sleep.

Those who are under the prevalent delusion that sulphonal is not a poison should be warned by the evidence given at yesterday's inquest at Paddington on Abigail Burne, forty-nine, the wife of Colonel Newdigate Knightley Burne, of the India Army.

The woman, whose husband is in Tibet, was found unconscious in her bedroom, and died soon afterwards. The doctor stated that she was under the influence of sulphonal, and death was due to that poison and excessive alcoholism.

Death by Misadventure was the jury's verdict.

ROYAL PHYSICIAN'S ACCIDENT.

A motoring accident has befallen Dr. Arnold Royle, C.B., who was physician to the late Duke of Albany and Clerk of the Robes to Queen Victoria.

As he was returning home to Esher his car collided with a Kingston and Esher omnibus. Fortunately no one was injured.

MUSIC AND DIVORCE.

Friend Who Carried a Married
Woman's Banjo Case.

WIFE'S STRANGE LETTER.

As evidence against a lady charged by her husband with unfaithfulness to him, a letter written with the professed object of making such a charge impossible was read yesterday in the Divorce Court.

This paradox came about through the fact that the co-respondent, Mr. Ernest William Eldridge, at present in Canada, and formerly living with his father at Brighton, made a confession with regard to the lady, Mrs. Rose Fanny Frowd. The confession, it is now said, was obtained from him by undue pressure.

Mrs. Frowd, against whom her husband, a dairy-man living in Eastbourne, three years ago brought an unsuccessful divorce petition, with a gentleman not Mr. Eldridge, as co-respondent, was living in lodgings in Brighton, and got to know Mr. Eldridge through their both having musical tastes. He used to carry her banjo case for her after she had been taking lessons at a music academy.

One Sunday evening he met her after they had been to church, and they tried over some opera music at her lodgings.

"Dear Boy You Are Safe."

This incident is referred to in the letter, which reads as follows:—

Dear Ernie,—Frowd is on the warpath again. Don't worry. I believe we are safe. They are trying to get up a case against — and yourself. They have been to Miss B — (respondent's landlady), and asked her how many times — has been there.

She told them, and also that she had been with us all the time. They knew you came on Sunday evening, but did not know when. Miss B — told them I met you at church. So you came home with me on the tram for a little music, it being a rather bad night. They did not know you had been before, so, dear boy, you are safe. If asked questions, admit you met me at the "Odiss" (Oddfellows' hall).

Say we met after the theatre and dances. Don't be certain about dates. Say we saw "Faust" and "Tannhäuser" together. Too many saw me to deny that. Swear blind all other statements are lies.

I don't think there is anything else to put you up to.

Don't ever admit ever having kissed me.

As for — and —, it's just all rot, but it helps you and me. Miss B — will stand by me, and I swear I will stand by you with my life, and, if necessary, that shall go.

"Burn All Letters."

Be sure and burn this. I shall keep out of your way, and live as quietly as possible. Go to church as usual. They must not think we are afraid of one another. You can write to me. I will be true, and burn all the letters. Cheer up. Just one word about myself. Dear old Ernie, I am going blind. They say with crying. The world will be dark then. It's dark enough now, and oh, what will it be if some day I shall not be able to see your dear face?

If, dear, I shall go to rest in the way you know, I will send you a ring. Have it made into a tie ring, and always keep it in remembrance of me.

I love you dearly. Good-night, dear old boy.—Yours now and always the same, Rose.

Evidence was given by private detectives that Mrs. Frowd and Eldridge had been seen to kiss one another when they met in the streets of Brighton, and to take strolls together arm-in-arm.

The witnesses on Mr. Frowd's side, who were present when Mr. Eldridge wrote his confession, denied that he did so after asserting his innocence for a long time. He made the admission, they said, immediately, his father declared—"My son cannot tell a lie!"

The case was adjourned.

IRISH M.P. ARRESTED.

Mr. John O'Donnell, M.P., having refused to find bail for his future good behaviour within the time specified, has been arrested in his printing office in Galway, and committed to gaol to undergo three months' imprisonment, the sentence imposed upon him for having recently delivered an inflammatory speech.

RAID ON TELEPHONE CALL-BOXES.

Mr. Macnaghten, solicitor, prosecuting for the National Telephone Company, told the Marlborough-street magistrate yesterday that robberies from telephone call-boxes had been very frequent in London of late.

Mr. Henry Edmund Buxton, the well-known banker, who had reached an advanced age, died yesterday at Fritton Hall, Great Yarmouth.

BLIND RECTOR'S WIFE

Mystery of a Cipher Telegram
"Theodora Is Asleep."

Singularly pathetic and curious are the circumstances surrounding the death of the twenty-year-old wife of the Rev. W. McGowan, M.A. Mr. McGowan is the blind rector of Neve Essex, and some sensation was caused by his last month in High Holborn on a charge of misconduct.

Mrs. McGowan died whilst her husband was away on a holiday. She was found lying on having taken poison, and Mr. McGowan was sent at the inquest, which was held at New yesterday. At this inquiry was read the follow letter written in Braille characters by the wife to her husband, who is considerably her senior.

I was capable of passionate devotion once. Perhaps you might have won had you tried but without it the marriage life is repulsive. I have cared for only one man, and that is you. Others I have loathed and shrunk from.

A mysterious element in the case was the fact that at the time of her death Mrs. McGowan was greatly distressed by the illness of her friend, Constance Theodora Uinacke, who died of consumption soon after the rector's wife's suicide.

To Miss Uinacke, shortly before her death, Mr. McGowan sent the following cipher telegram:

L3 31 Dawson Stella Mavis (query Maria) Arthur Dorian just convey to (query) Io Aphrodite one thing if possible.

On opening it, Mrs. Uinacke, the mother, the contents of the telegram were hard to understand, and, replying on behalf of her daughter who was very ill at the time, she telegraphed back: "Theodora is asleep. Must not be true."

What the real meaning of the cipher message was did not transpire at the inquest.

The blind rector told the jury that his wife talked of suicide, but on one occasion had vented the late Miss Uinacke from taking poison.

To their verdict, that Mrs. McGowan poisoned herself whilst in a state of melancholy and distress caused by Miss Uinacke's illness, the negligence of her husband, the jury added rider censuring the rector-husband.

AFTER THIRTY-SIX YEARS

Divorce Decree Granted Yesterday Against
Mother of Sixteen Children.

After being married for thirty-six years, John Hinton, builder, of Southampton, granted a divorce from his wife by Mr. Justice Baggave Deane yesterday.

During the hearing of the case it was revealed that Mrs. Hinton has had sixteen children by her husband, who has just successfully applied to Courts.

A sad feature of yesterday's evidence was testimony two of the daughters gave concerning their mother's drinking habits and violence, and as her attitude towards Robert Silk, who was also the co-respondent.

Another witness said that Mrs. Hinton came to her complaining of bruises inflicted on her by her husband. When the witness applied damp finger to the bruises they disappeared. They were made by blacklead.

EXPECTANT MILLIONS.

Part 2 of "The Harmsworth Self-Educator"
Eagerly Awaited.

All over the country, in the office, in the shop, the factory, in the home, the issue of Part 1 of "The Harmsworth Self-Educator" is eagerly awaited. Part 1 has whetted the appetite for knowledge to an extraordinary degree. As Part 2 is not published until Tuesday, a list of contents is here given in order that the hundreds of thousands interested may have some slight foretaste of what is in store for them:—

Agriculture.	Ideas.
Art.	Languages.
Biology.	Literature.
Chemistry.	Materials and Structures.
Choice of a Profession.	Mathematics.
Civil Engineering.	Mechanical Engineering.
Clericalship.	Music.
Drawing.	Natural History.
Dress.	Physics.
Electricity.	Physiology.
Geography.	Shopselling.
History.	Short-hand.
Test.	Travel.

Such tables will be given at the beginning of each of the forty-eight fortnightly parts, thus simplifying and facilitating the use of a necessary complex work.

Every effort will be made to prevent the numerous running short of copies on Tuesday, those who wish to make sure should give their order now.

A GLOOMY CALLING.

"What are your duties?" asked the coroner St. Pancras yesterday of a witness. "I go up down the Regent's Canal and take out all the animals," was the reply.

LITERATURE FOR LONELY ISLANDERS.

Philanthropists' Faith in Algebra and Bowdlerised Shakespeare.

THE PANDORA'S CARGO.

Once more questions and answers that reminded the hearers of one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's humorous stories were heard at Bow-street yesterday, when the hearing of the now celebrated Pandora case was resumed.

Mr. Thomas Caradoc Kerry, explorer and captain of the yacht, is charged with stealing devotional books which were intended for the people of the lonely Isle of Tristan da Cunha.

In support of the case Ernest Walter Andrews, who sailed on the Pandora, gave evidence. He said that on the return voyage Mr. Kerry offered to sell some stores to a Dutch barque, but the offer was refused. They had a "week-end" at St. Helena, where a great quantity of ship's provisions was sent ashore.

"Was there a little conviviality?" asked Mr. Bodkin.

"Only a few glasses," answered the witness, and counsel for the defence raised some laughter by remarking anxiously, "I hope there is no charge with respect to that."

RAN UP THE SIGNAL "STARVING."

Continuing his evidence, the witness said that a barge-load of provisions was sent to a Jew named Solomon. Then at Ascension Island an exchange was effected with the natives, who gave the Pandora a live turtle in return for some molasses and rice.

Soon after leaving that island they sighted a German liner, the Prince Regent, and the Pandora ran up the signal "Starving." Mr. Kerry went aboard the liner and returned with flour, biscuits, fresh meat, and vegetables, and a case of whisky.

Witness said about 1,500 books were sent for the islanders. Before the vessel reached Las Palmas 1,000 had been thrown overboard. He kept some of the books, including a work on book-keeping.

"Were you long enough on the island to find out what system of book-keeping prevailed?"

"I was not on the island at all," said witness.

"And you kept a sixpenny copy of 'Much Ado About Nothing'—rather an appropriate title for this case, isn't it?"

"I don't think so."

"Oh, I see it is called 'The Family Shakespeare,' in which nothing is added, but those words and expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read in a family. Was that out of tender regard for the morals of the islanders?"

The witness said he did not know. Neither did he know whether the sailors kept the tracts and sermons or threw them overboard for the detestation of the fishes. He did not keep any tracts for himself, but he kept an "Algebra for Beginners."

ALGEBRA FOR ISLANDERS.

"Don't you think it was hard to rob the natives of these chapters on 'Surd'?" asked counsel.

"Some of them, I think, are very well educated," said witness gravely.

"Oh, I see. They spend their leisure in solving algebraical problems," said counsel.

Stephan Newman, who was navigating officer, said he kept a "Companion to the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England," published in 1703.

Mr. Elliott: A book of great moral, but little financial, value.

Edward W. Hearn, able-seaman, after having given evidence about the throwing overboard of books, admitted in cross-examination that Mr. Kerry had frequently complained of his refusal to work.

On April 10 he (witness) wrote and handed to Mr. Kerry a letter offering to forfeit a month's salary, and asking to be forgiven.

Witness said he wrote this letter because Mr. Kerry threatened to keep him locked up below unless he gave up the moon for the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England.

Mr. Elliott suggested to witness that on one occasion, when the vessel was caught in a heavy squall with all sail set and Mr. Kerry called for hands, he took three-quarters of an hour to answer, and then refused to go aloft.

The witness admitted he threw 300 books overboard, not thinking he was doing anything criminal.

MOST AWFUL LANGUAGE.

Witness denied there had been any heavy squall, and said that throughout the voyage Mr. Kerry habitually used the "most awful language" to his crew.

John Fitzgibbon, another able-seaman on the Pandora, said that just before the vessel reached Las Palmas he saw Mr. Kerry personally throw books overboard. The book which he selected was one on astronomy.

Mr. Elliott: Did you see the picture in it before you chose it—an ardent student with his arm round a girl's neck? (Laughter.)—Yes.

Mr. Elliott: Was that what attracted you and made you select it?

Witness (with grave indignation): Not at all. You didn't think you would study astronomy under similar conditions?—No.

The case was again adjourned.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Nearly 100 Salvation Army emigrants, mostly wives and children of settlers who had gone out West earlier in the year, sailed from Liverpool for Canada yesterday.

"She dislocated her left eye in falling," said a witness at an inquest in East Ham yesterday.

Electrically-worked indicators of stations to which trains will run are to replace those now worked by hand on District Railway platforms.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy, with which Mr. Welch will open his management of Terry's Theatre, is entitled "The Heroic Stubbs; the Comedy of a Man with an Ideal."

Rapid, if undignified, was the retreat of passengers from a tramcar which caught fire while proceeding through High-street, Clapham, yesterday. The flames were not put out until the car was run into the depot.

Additional fines amounting to £150 were paid by thirty-two bookmakers at Stockton-on-Tees yesterday for betting on the quayside, this sum bringing the total penalties paid by the fraternity in Stockton during the present racing season up to £1,031.

No fewer than 121 keys of various kinds, seven of which were concealed in his stockings, were found on a man named Dodd, whom the Birkenhead police have under remand on a charge of robbing gas-meters.

As Minister of Education, Lord Londonderry has consented to receive a deputation of North Wales writing-slate manufacturers to discuss the proposed substitution of paper for writing slates and pencils in elementary schools. The change is advocated on health grounds.

It was decided at a largely-attended meeting of the West India Committee yesterday to ask the Prime Minister to receive a private deputation on the subject of the removal of the troops from the West Indies.

Westminster City Council yesterday decided to present an address to the King of Greece when he visits the Guildhall.

Fined £15 and costs at Knaresborough for driving at the alleged rate of thirty and a half miles an hour, a London motorist offered to give the car to the police if they could get such a speed out of it.

Officers having charge of "experimental wallike stores" are warned by a special memorandum of the Army Council to take every precaution to prevent them being tampered with and information being obtained.

At yesterday's meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Council a resolution proposing that a deputation wait on Mr. Balfour, asking him to reconsider his decision and accept the freedom of the city, was proposed, but subsequently withdrawn at the mayor's request.

Richard Walker, late sergeant-major of the Gloucester Regiment, and his son, John Walker, were confronted with a great heap of alleged stolen property when they were charged before the Aldershot Bench yesterday with appropriating a large quantity of Government stores.

By kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barrasford, there will be a special matinee at the Lyceum to-morrow, in which the full company will take part, in aid of the Italian artists lately engaged in the ballet "Excelsior," which was a failure. Many are stranded in London absolutely penniless.

LORD ROSEBERY ATTENDS AN INQUEST.



An inquest on the death of Miss Fanny Brown, who was run over by a car in which Lord Rosebery was riding, was held yesterday. The photograph shows Lord Rosebery entering St. Pancras Coroner's Court. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

Mr. Christopher Dove Barker, J.P., D.L., of Great Malvern, banker, left a fortune of £399,019.

—Mr. Warner and Miss Freezer have just been married at Lowestoft, and a Mr. Blizzard and a Miss Gale at Bristol.

Since the outbreak of cholera in Prussia, 2,098 immigrants have been medically inspected by the port sanitary officers at Gravesend.

After swallowing a hair-comb and a needle, Elizabeth Rickard, an elderly woman, died in Prestwich (Lancashire) Asylum from peritonitis.

Parties of French tuns are establishing themselves at St. Aloysius, North Malvern, and a shipload of their belongings has already arrived at Newport.

Monthly express services from Liverpool to Egypt, Bombay, and Karachi will be inaugurated in December by the Ellerman, Hall, and City lines of steamers.

Meeting at Nottingham yesterday, the Coal Trade Conciliation Board decided to postpone until after December 31 an application from the coal-owners for a reduction of wages by five per cent.

Liberals are expecting a by-election in the Eccles Division of Lancashire next February, as Mr. Leigh-Clare, the new Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancashire, will probably apply for the Chiltern Hundreds on the reassembling of Parliament.

Next Thursday, November 9 (Lord Mayor's Day), Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and company will appear in a flying machine of "Captain Drew" at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, returning to town immediately after the performance, this constituting a record of nine performances next week.

To his former clerk, Mr. W. G. Shelton, timber merchant, of Wolverhampton, left a life annuity of £150.

The Privy Council has issued an order confirming the Bill of the Jersey States imposing a retrospective tax on tobacco.

Floods in North Wales have washed away river banks in many places, and meadows for miles are under water. Numerous roads are also submerged.

A donation of £50,000 has been promised by an anonymous friend towards the completion of the new buildings for the Birmingham University at Bournbrook.

"Little Fat Piggy-wiggy and G. Kring have something to tell you. How, when, and where? Reply by letter (safe) or here any day.—Troob. B. . .-do: Teesgood." One of yesterday's "agonies."

When the motor-car conveying Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Bishop of Hereford from a temperance gathering broke down in Wigton, Cumberland, it instinctively came to a stop immediately in front of a temperance hotel.

Nearly a hundred motor-cars and carriages in course of construction were destroyed by a fire which gutted the coachbuilding works of Mr. H. A. Hamshaw, at Leicester, yesterday. There were alarming explosions of petrol at intervals.

A goods train of seventy wagons broke in two yesterday between Turton and Bromley Cross Stations, near Bolton, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. The rear half dashed in the front portion, which had pulled up, and six wagons fell down the embankment, the main line being blocked for four hours.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Sustained Improvement in Home

Rails the Leading Feature.

CONSOLS DECLINE.

CAPITAL COURT, Thursday Evening.—The markets are decidedly cheerful taking them generally, and on the whole political news from Russia was read fairly favourably. The sustained improvement in Home Rails is the leading factor, yesterday's excellent traffic again showing the influence of improving trade. Here and there profit-taking checked the advance, as, for instance, in some of the speculative southern stocks, like Dover "A." But the heavy stocks, with the exception, perhaps, of Great Westerns, were quite a good market, and there was a good deal of buying of Midlands on the strong traffic position. The chief improvement, however, was seen in Great Northern Deferred.

Consols declined to 88½, the Bank Return not being liked, and there being very little relief in the money position as yet, in spite of the month having turned. However, it is hoped that the position will have improved a little later, for next week alone three and four hundred thousand of gold arrives in this country, and should be secured by the Bank of England.

AMERICAN PROFIT-TAKING.

American Rails were not very bright in the afternoon, but in the morning they were good enough, and there seems rather more confidence here. But profit-taking was the rule in the American market, just as in other sections, and it affected Canadian Pacifics also at the advanced level.

Liverpool sold Grand Trunk stocks strongly, and it turns out that the Liverpool Stock Exchange dealers have memorialised the company on the subject of the inadequacy of the information on the recent increase in working costs. The chairman showed that it was mainly due to the recent appropriations for rolling stock renewals, and evidently the market is thoroughly discontented, for prices closed at the lowest. There was a better tendency in Foreign Rails as a whole. The striking Brazilian traffic returns published yesterday caused a lot of buying of Brazilian Rails, with an all-round advance in price. The Mexican Railway meeting was satisfied to learn that no further increase in appropriations for the road are contemplated, and put up the stock, and Nitrate Rails were also firm on a good traffic.

RUSSIANS DROP BACK.

Although the Japanese Government denied, through their representative, that the loan negotiations were concluded, the market took the denial very literally, and does not believe that the loan is far off. As it is chiefly for conversion purposes, they put Japanese bonds higher on the news. Peruvians were dull on the disregard of the suggestions for coming to terms, the Government being apparently obdurate. Russian bonds dropped back, there being a little less enthusiasm, but as a whole Foreigners were very firm, including the leading copper shares.

Taking Miscellaneous sections in their entirety there was a better feeling, and prices were advanced in the case of nearly all the recent speculative favourites, without there being much to call for special attention.

EXCHANGE WAR MEMORIAL.

Although it seems to be thought that the Gold-fidels dividend will be deferred, Kaffirs, which were dull at first, were inclined to harden later. They closed with a fairly general advance, except in Gold-fidels themselves, and in Chartered. Westralians were also rather firm, but West Africans were dullish.

As much interest on the Stock Exchange was taken in the unveiling of the memorial to those who suffered in the South African war as to anything else. This highly artistic and appropriate mural ornament, by the sculptor who is engaged on the Buckingham Palace memorial work, is in marble and bronze, and depicts effectively war scenes. The names of the twenty-three Stock Exchange members and clerks who fell in the campaign are inscribed on a tablet. Apart from the memorial there is inscribed on the walls of the "House" itself the names of all those Stock Exchange men who served their country in that momentous period.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1905.

SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN WORK?

THE decision of the London County Council, just arrived at, that needlewomen employed by it need not give up their employment when they marry, is not of great importance in itself. It affects a very few workers. It is not likely to affect the public at all. But, as a sign of the times, the decision is full of significance.

At present typewriters in the Council offices are obliged to resign their appointments when they get married. So are the other women employed by the municipality, with the exception of teachers and nurses who teach nursing, both of whom are scarce.

It is unlikely that these other women will be content under different conditions from the "needle-room assistants." They will demand that they shall also be kept on after marriage. Other employers will be faced with the same proposal. And in a short time married women workers will be as plentiful as girl workers are now. You doubt it? Let me show you why.

Unless a wife takes a real pleasure in looking after a home and a husband and a baby, she finds domesticity in a suburb rather dull.

Until recently women looked upon domestic life as their natural lot. They were brought up to regard marriage as their aim and to look upon "old maids" as those who had missed the target altogether. They were taught to be attractive and to be useful in the house, and nobody troubled very much about teaching them anything else.

There were drawbacks to this system undoubtedly. The trouble is that for a time people saw nothing but its drawbacks and lost sight of its advantages. Women were encouraged to "develop their individualities"—in other words, to compete with men in all sorts of directions, and to consider domesticity dull.

To some extent this was unavoidable, since the number of girls who survive the risks of childhood is so much larger than the number of boys, and something had to be found for the surplus female population to do. But the effect of the encouragement has gone much further than that. It has disinclined for the natural work of women a great many of those who either might become or actually do become wives.

They feel that they are capable of something better than looking after a home and a family. They demand a more interesting career. They decline to allow their individualities to be "sacrificed" to their husbands' happiness or their children's well-being.

And what do they do in preference to their domestic duties? They sit at typewriters—yes, plenty of married women do that, or they add up figures, or they pore over shorthand—and they think they are getting more out of life than if they were making happy homes and bringing up children to be a credit to their country and to cherish and honour them in their old age!

When it becomes a regular thing for married women to work (as it is now the regular thing for middle-class girls) there will be more men idle than ever: some by choice letting their wives support them; others by necessity. There will also be fewer babies than ever among the middle class, and it is probable that they will be almost entirely taken care of and brought up by the State.

That will very likely be better for the babies, so far as their health and education are concerned, but what a lot they will lose in other ways! Unless, indeed, the State employs the women with the motherly instincts who don't get married to bring up the children of the women without motherly instincts who do.

That would be a capital arrangement and would please everybody. It is quite possible we may come to it in time. E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Say nothing good of yourself, you will be distressed; say nothing bad of yourself, you will be taken at your word.—Joseph Roux.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ENGLISHMEN do not generally find it necessary to know much about the details of Spanish politics, and we are content to regard the affairs of the Cortes and the quarrels amongst the parties composing it as matters of no importance. Nevertheless, the Cabinet which has just begun its autumn deliberations contains men worthy of more than Spanish observation. Senor Montero Rios, the Premier, is a man of distinctly original manners. His main characteristic, which amounts almost to a mania, is a fear of feeling cold. He was the president of the Spanish Peace Commissioners, and went out to America during one of the hottest seasons of the year.

Yet, even at midday, with a hot sun, Montero Rios would be seen walking about enveloped in the thickest of Spanish capes, and all through the year, winter or summer, in Spain he is accompanied by attendants carrying furs and cloaks. He looks like nothing less than an animated bundle of furs as he rides in his carriage, and when he gets to his room he wraps woollen rugs round his legs, and puts a wadded cap on. As a matter of fact, though, such precautions are less wonderful in

letter than quote a story, which he sometimes tells himself, about what happened to him once at St. James's Hall.

When he arrived to deliver his lecture, which was to be illustrated, at that now vanished place of genteel amusement, he discovered that the key which was used to lock the gas cylinders was lost, and that, unless it were found, no illustrations would be possible. Fortunately, Mr. Spielmann had another lecture, which required no pictures, in his pocket, and the manager went on to the platform and asked whether the audience would have this or would wait until the discovery of the key had made it possible to deliver the one originally prepared. The audience misunderstood the manager, thought that he was trying to foist another lecturer upon them, and set up a cry of "Spielmann, Spielmann," without pity. At last the manager screamed at the top of his voice: "I tell you you can't have Mr. Spielmann without gas."

Mr. John Troutbeck, coroner for Westminster, who has been accused by the British Medical Association of depriving local doctors from the scientific delights and the substantial profits derived from making post-mortems, is certainly one of the

for I am told that the explorer, like the proverbial prophet, is not appreciated at home.

Some time ago a story was circulated which illustrates the attitude so often taken up by some learned and old-maidish assemblies when any person or thing new is brought before them. Nordenskjöld applied for a Chair of Geography in the University of Stockholm, and it might be supposed that such an application would be accepted almost as soon as it was seen. But the offer of one of the most famous explorers of modern times was refused, and for the most amazing reason. It was calmly suggested by the learned men of Stockholm that they were not sufficiently assured of the geographical capacities of the candidate! No doubt the professors knew more about the North Pole than Nansen, and more about the South than Nordenskjöld.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WAR OFFICE BAD FAITH.

Numbers of men enlisted in the Army in 1902 for a period of service of three years with the colours and nine years on the reserve, and were given to understand that on return to civil life they would be able to register their names for employment in the Post Office or in some other capacity.

At the beginning of this year an Army Order was issued to the effect that any man who had enlisted for three years with the colours could transfer to the reserve, providing he had over two years' service and had not extended his service with the colours. Many availed themselves of the opportunity.

Then they found to their dismay that they could not register their names, because they had done less than three years' service. Numbers are consequently wandering about the streets. Cannot the War Office be induced to reconsider their cases? SYMPATHISER.

Aldershot.

THE BIBLE AND LOW-NECKED DRESSES.

I see the Bishop of London very summarily dismissed the question of the low-necked dress by saying "the matter was entirely one of individual and private inclination."

I think if the Bishop had carefully studied the Book, of whose teaching he is professionally an exponent, he would have seen that the Holy Spirit of God has in this matter left no margin for individual and private inclination. See 1st Timothy, iii. 9, the positive command: "That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety."

PRINCIPAL OF A PRIVATE SCHOOL.

Leightonstone.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

"Hotel Proprietor's" remarks upon my letter of the 27th inst., seem to call for no comment; but may I be allowed to apply his own words to point my argument on the "Telephone Girl"?

He says "anyone attempting liberty of speech with the barmaids employed would be speedily invited to behave like a gentleman." If this is so, why should not the same protection be afforded to an employee who is separated from her "customer" by a telephone wire in place of a counter? RING OFF.

Clapham.

IS HUNTING CRUEL?

I was glad to see "E. L.'s" letter on this subject. I really cannot see any difference between worrying cats, as the Barnstable "gentleman" did, and hunting foxes, or hares, or otters, or stags.

All these "sports" are hideously cruel and revolting if you try to look at them from the hunted animals' point of view.

Bea-baiting and cock-fighting have been made illegal. It is time the law interfered with the brutality of hunting as well.

Warwick-gardens, W. LOVER OF ANIMALS.

LIVING WITHOUT WORKING.

Your Hampstead correspondent asks why people like himself who live without working are parasites. Parasites I find described as "animals which obtain their nourishment from other animals upon which they live externally." Now that is just what your correspondent is doing.

He is obtaining nourishment without doing anything for it. He is defrauding the community of the services it has a right to demand from him. He is living on us "other animals," in fact.

Newbury.

SIDNEY BARNETT.

IN MY GARDEN.

NOVEMBER 2.—From the garden terrace how beautiful this fading world looks! Distant woods, now clad in their full autumn splendour, present a wonderful picture as they gradually appear out of the drifting morning mists. And again, when a cloudless sunset gleams, many moments are spent viewing the glory the passing year has flung over dale and hill!

The year seems to be passing very quickly now. To-day the buds of the Christmas-roses can be plainly seen, while a few winter acornets and snowdrops peep up in sheltered corners. Thus, even now, winter seems to be with us. E. F. T.

TSAR'S TROUBLES NOT NEARLY OVER YET.



The granting of a Constitution has had very little effect upon the turmoil in Russia. It only seems to have whetted the Revolutionists' appetite for more concessions.

Spain or in Italy than they would be in England, for there, where the houses are arranged for hot weather, the appliances for making one warm in winter are ludicrously inadequate.

General Weyler is another member of the actual Spanish Cabinet. His is a character worthy of the finest traditions of Spanish chivalry. What could be more reminiscent of a lost code of manners than the story of his marriage? He fell in love with a beautiful girl from the Balearic Islands, who was of peasant origin, and absolutely ignorant, absolutely untaught in the conventions which form so important a part of life in Spain. Accordingly, Weyler planned to get her educated, and, immediately after his wedding he addressed his brother officers in a little speech, which declared the facts of the case. Then, almost at the church door, he handed his bride over to the Superior of a convent near to be educated for two years. She emerged thence, at the stated time, a perfect lady, and Weyler, who had never visited her in the interval, has, it is said, found his experiment a complete success.

A very popular lecturer is Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the well-known art critic, who was heard on the subject of "Art and Humour" at the London Institution yesterday. Mr. Spielmann is always well worth hearing. He was one of the first writers about art who considered the matter from a more or less artistic, as distinct from a literary, moral, or commercial point of view. And from the very first his articles and lectures were regarded as "something new." To give some idea of the enthusiasm he arouses in his audiences one cannot do

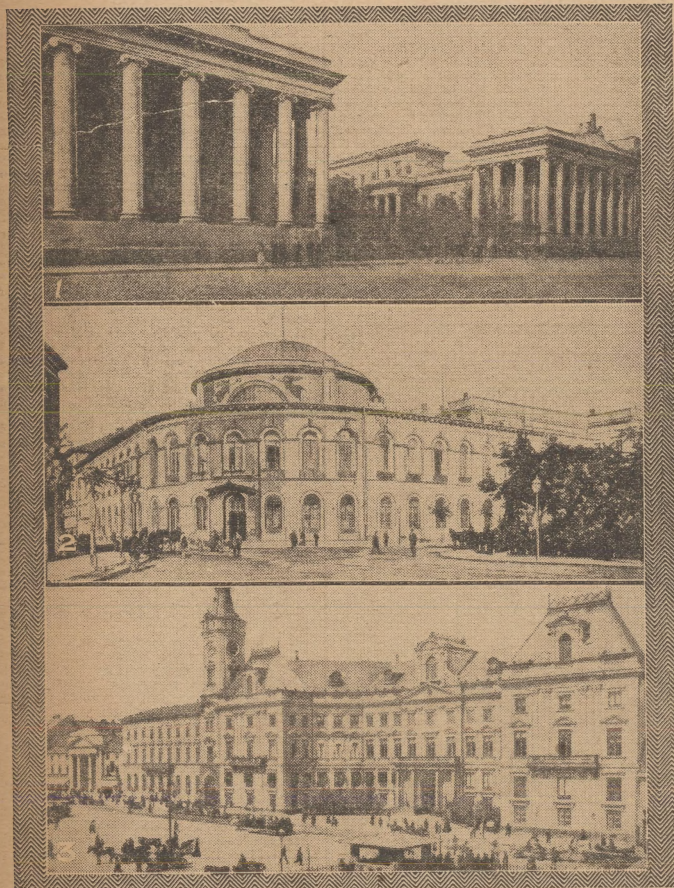
most interesting of our coroners. He has been familiar all his life with the "City of Westminster," for his father, a Cumberland man, was a Minor Canon of Westminster at the time when Dean Stanley was at the Abbey. Mr. Troutbeck was educated, too, at Westminster School under the famous Dr. Scott, a person of red and startling whiskers and a glittering eye which really belied his comparatively gentle nature.

Mr. Troutbeck came into collision with Dr. Scott at a very early stage in his school career. It was then the custom at Westminster for the masters, preceded by their Head, to lead the way out of morning prayers in solemn order, with the boys following behind. Young Troutbeck, ignorant of this tradition, calmly walked out on his very first day in front of everybody. He soon perceived Dr. Scott bearing down upon him, the eye glittering horribly, the whiskers alarmingly red. The poor boy closed his eyes and prepared to be crushed to death. Then, in a voice which reached to the further end of the hall, Dr. Scott exclaimed: "Write me five lines!"—and passed on.

Baron Nordenskjöld, the famous Swedish explorer, who has just given the crowded Western world a glimpse of distant lands in his account of his expedition to the Andes, is one of the few adventurers of to-day. To be an adventurer, to seek and find the strange and new, one has to go nowadays very far afield. Thus, Nordenskjöld, like Poe's Arthur Gordon Pym, has wandered into the extremity of the earth—almost to the South Pole—and his eager, inquiring spirit seldom allows him to rest long in quiet Sweden. Perhaps there is no harm in that,

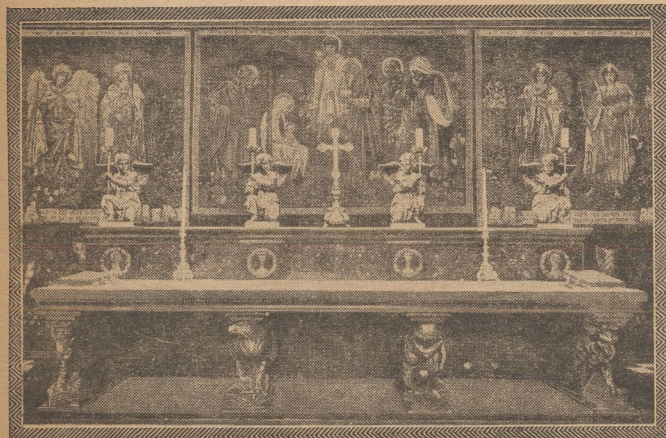
CAMERAGRAPHS

SCENES OF VIOLENCE AND BLOODSHED.



Though the Tsar has granted a Constitution to Russia, it appears to have come too late. Riots are the order of the day.—(1) Royal Castle at Warsaw, residence of Governor-General, where a great demonstration was held; (2) Bank-square at Warsaw, where the infantry fired on the crowd, killing four and wounding thirty; and (3) City Hall, Warsaw. Here the Cossacks charged a crowd of 10,000 persons, killing and wounding 100.

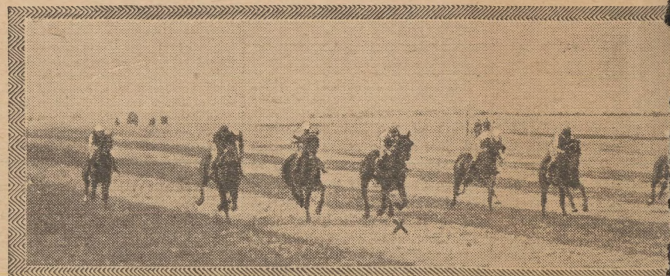
SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL AT ETON



Unveiled yesterday in Lupton's Chapel, Eton College, at a service held in memory of the 129 Etonians who fell during the South African war. Lieutenant-General Sir John French and the officers of the Aldershot Army Corps were present.—(Hills and Saunders.)

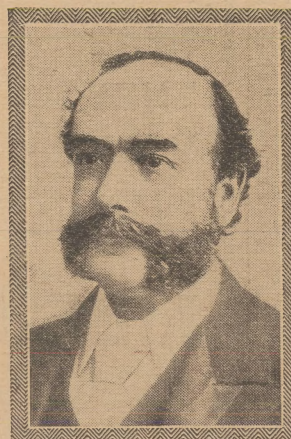
CURRENT EVENTS

TWO FURLONGS FROM THE START IN



Striking photograph at Newmarket, showing the field for the Cambridgeshire sweeping along by his Majesty, but the spectacle was somewhat marred.

MR. YARROW,



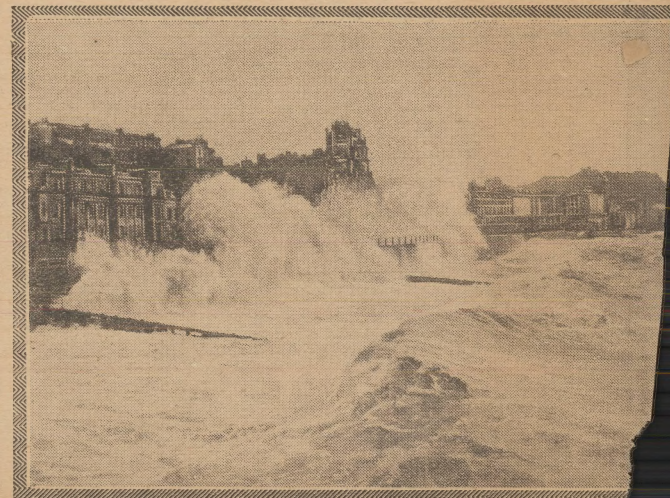
Head of the famous shipbuilders, who is forced to remove his works from London owing to high rates and the dearth of labour. This will add to the present great distress in Poplar.

THE WINNER OF THE



Velocity, the favourite for and winner of the C. A. Templeman, his jockey, up. The colt was V. Jackson, the owner of

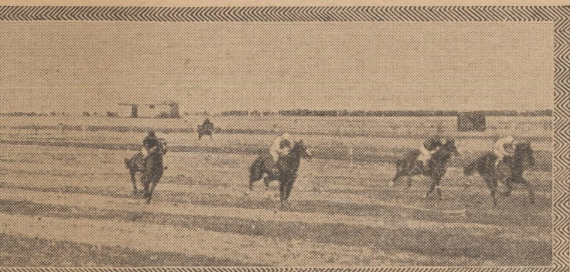
SCENES AT HASTINGS DURING THE



During the past week a great gale has been raging in the Channel. The photograph in the esplanade caused by the

EVENTS IN PICTURES

RACE FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.



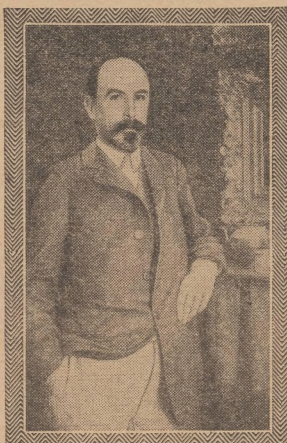
in line. Velocity, the winner, is marked with an X. The race was witnessed in bad weather. It rained practically all day.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.



Cambridgeshire Stakes at Newmarket, with Ireland. The insert shows Mrs. H. Lafayette.

ROYAL GOLDSMITH.



Prince Bodijar Karageorgevitch of Servia, who opens an exhibition of his gold and silver work at Leicester Galleries on Saturday. He is an exile, and has lived in Paris.

RAGING IN THE CHANNEL.



off, the huge waves breaking against the seawall at Hastings; on the right, a hole in the seawall. (P. J. Swain.)

SNAP SHOTS

THE KING LEAVING BISHOP'S HALL, ESSEX.



The photograph shows his Majesty on the steps of Bishop's Hall, where he had been staying with Colonel Lockwood, about to enter his motor-car to go to Newmarket. Sir Stanley Clarke is just entering the car.—(Galloway.)

TAXAMETERS FOR LONDON CABS.



The cabmen are strenuously opposing the introduction of taximeters on London cabs. (1) Shows the interior of a cab with taximeter attached; (2) taximeter fixed on the back of a cab; and (3) the taximeter with a flag attached. "Free" does not mean "free rides," but that the cabman is disengaged.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

By ANNIE AUMONIER.

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

RICHARD BALSHAW, supposed to be a wealthy traveller—in reality Ronald Carstairs, an ex-bank manager, newly released from prison, after serving four years for extensive fraud.

ROSE KING, a beautiful girl of poor birth, passionately in love with Carstairs.

CLARE MAINWARING, a charming young girl, whom Richard Balshaw loves. She became engaged to Ivor Armitage during Balshaw's supposed absence abroad.

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT VANCE, a clever and ambitious officer.

AN UNKNOWN LADY.

JOHN PYM, secretary to "Mr. Richard Balshaw," alias Roland Carstairs.

MRS. WILBRAHAM, a fascinating widow.

FOR NEW READERS.

A yellow fog was rolling over London distorting perspective and muffling sound. Reaching Pentonville Prison at midnight, Balshaw found the prison gates closed and the warden's office empty. He waited in vain for the warden, and made shadowy phantoms of the few people gathered round the ponderous gates, waiting for the daily quota of discharged prisoners.

Detective-sergeant Vance stood in the group. A young woman with a beautiful face and a splendid figure, hovered restlessly in the shadows of the wall. At last the wicket opened and a band of soldiers stepped out. But only of them instantly riveted Vance's attention—Ronald Carstairs, ex-bank manager, who had completed his four years' penal servitude for embezzling £20,000.

The man walked away. Vance followed; so did the beautiful young woman. Suddenly she sprang towards the man. He started back.

"Rose King! Good God!" he cried.

"Aye, Rose King, of Leicester," answered the woman. "I had to come to London, couldn't bear—"

"Rose, I hoped that you had forgotten me long ago,"

"Forgotten you! You've been in my thoughts night and day."

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Balshaw, as if nothing untoward had happened, was talking to the lady who had first introduced the subject of Palestine.

"Please keep the peace for me," said Mrs. Wilbraham in a low and rather agitated voice to Sir Ralph Smalley, the distinguished K.C., occupying the place of honour beside her; then she signalled the ladies.

After their departure Sir Ralph Smalley seated himself beside Balshaw and engaged him in conversation. But presently, Colonel Mapperley taking the bit between his teeth, Balshaw was able to smoke a cigarette and sip his liqueur in silence. Once his steady eyes sought Ivor Armitage, and hardened with an almost brutal expression. The latter had shifted his place; a cigarette depended loosely from his lower lip.

Then Balshaw's thoughts slipped back four years, and for a moment he was completely detached from immediate surroundings—the men around him, the after-dinner talk, the colonel slaughtering his tigers.

The image of a slender slip of a girl, with soulful eyes and haunting face, rose up before him. A soft breeze rippled her auburn hair as she leaned with her elbows on a stone balustrade. Away below, the intense blue of the Mediterranean, here and there white-winged with sail. The girl of his memory-picture was speaking as to one in whom she had perfect trust.

"I dislike him intensely; I distrust him; I dislike those horribly blue eyes of his that whenever they look at one seem to be making some sort of deliberate calculation. I simply cannot understand what my mother sees in him. And he's mean—a sneak. He's been saying unkind things, untrue things, about you—about me!"

The girl who figured almost tangibly before Balshaw's mental vision had trusted him with glibly, almost indiscreet faith. The woman, into whom she was transformed, was doing her best to screen her heart from him.

With a sudden, fierce movement he cleared the smoke from before him, and stared at Ivor Armitage. What had happened since Clare had uttered those words? How had it come about? Why was she selling herself? The high-minded, sentimental girl, into whose heart he had looked, could not have so changed as to barter herself willingly for money or a probable title.

The Quixote and the lover in the man were uppermost, blended with a dash of brutalism. Rose King, the haunting problem of his hostess, and the risks and pitfalls around him, were forgotten. He was unconscious of the irony of his fierce indignation.

Suddenly realising Balshaw's stare, Armitage half-turned in his chair and returned it. His blue, very blue eyes spoke cold, unrelenting hostility; but this time the encounter was wordless.

"Begin, sir, when we opened the brute we found my pit helmet in his inwards. It was only by a merciful dispensation of Providence that my head wasn't there as well! Begin, sir, it was one of the nearest things in my life!"

And Colonel Mapperley, having finished his story, the men joined the ladies.

Armitage sought out Clare. She was still pale, and the indignation in her fine eyes seemed to heighten at his approach. In his gross breach of manners at dinner he had seen a blow directed at herself as well as at the man beside her.

"Clare," he said coldly, playing with his carefully-groomed top moustache, "I don't approve of the way you are encouraging that fellow, Balshaw. It's hardly the correct thing, is it? I don't quite understand why he was asked here. Mrs. Wilbraham doesn't as a rule make mistakes; but it's hardly good taste when you and I are included among her guests. We don't want a repetition of that old Nice affair. It is not altogether forgotten, and I don't want a fresh scandal."

They had the recess to themselves. The man's blue eyes spoke more significantly than his tongue. The two little pink flushes that burnt on his pale cheeks were the only signs of his anger.

Clare flung back her head defiantly, her eyes flaming hot rebellion. His quiet, cold manner of dictating to her maddened her. He was always bringing home his right to impose his will on her. All the pride and spirit in her nature were in revolt now. She could have stamped her feet, struck him. The base, chink-like eyes were still fixed on her; he was playing with his fair, top moustache, regarding her like some beautiful, rebellious slave whom he had purchased unconditionally.

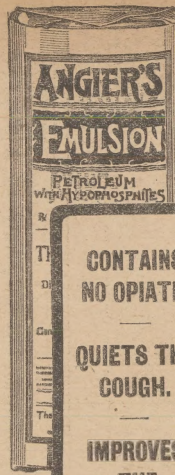
"You understand me," he added. "There will be no need to refer to the subject again."

Clare went white to her very lips. For a moment the man's studied insolence robbed her of speech, and while she did relate it was not with words. Her manner changed. There is a dash of devil in every true woman. And Armitage had roused this devil within Clare. Flashing a glance at him that embodied a soul's contempt, she swept away from him, without utterance of a word, and joined Mrs. Wilbraham. Balshaw was talking to his hostess.

Mrs. Wilbraham was laughing, but the light in her eyes was half-nervous, half-defiant, half-bewildered. The question—was he or was he not?—was still unanswered and torturing her.

Yet, as Clare approached, she cast a swift, almost jealous glance at the man's tanned, strong face, in an effort to read his feelings. But her duties as hostess claimed her, and she glided away

(Continued on page 13.)



Stubborn Coughs.

For a really obstinate, long-standing cough, whether bronchial, tracheal, or laryngeal, there is positively nothing equal to Angier's Emulsion. This remedy contains neither opiate, narcotic, nor any ingredient harmful to digestion. It combines the soothing, healing properties of a specially purified petroleum with the tonic properties of the hypophosphites of lime and soda, and not only soothes and heals the mucous membrane of the throat and lungs, but also promotes appetite, aids digestion and acts as a tonic to the entire system. Angier's Emulsion is equally good for the acute cough of a heavy cold, the trying cough of chronic bronchitis, the irritating, tickling tracheal cough, or the obstinate, persistent cough of influenza. Angier's Emulsion is pleasant to take, and agrees perfectly with delicate stomachs. A free sample will convince you of its soothing, cough-allaying power. Of Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/11, 2/9 and 4/6.

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Kilchen-road, West Ealing.
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An Australian's Impressions of England and the English.

"THE FOUR JUST MEN."

It is interesting to "see ourselves as others see us," especially when the "others" happen to be our fellow-Britons from overseas. Mr. J. H. M. Abbott's articles in the "Spectator," giving an Australian's impressions of the Mother-country, attracted wide attention, and now that he has published them in a book they will interest a larger audience.

"An Outlander in England" (Methuen, 6s.) is not by any means all pleasant reading. On the whole, Mr. Abbott is inclined to like us, but he is quite frank in pointing out our faults.

The three things that he complains of most are that the great majority of English people do not take a bath every morning; that waiters have to be tipped; and that when he buys a drink he has it measured out to him, instead of being given the bottle and invited to help himself, as he would be at home.

Mr. Abbott also found English people difficult to get on with. At first he saw nothing in our manner but a cold, stupid reserve. He found us slow to move; we seemed to be bound in chains of convention. It pained him a little "to have a working man call you 'Sir' because you may happen to be wearing better clothes than his." He read the columns in the papers which chronicled the movements of people with titles, and wondered vaguely "who on earth can be interested in such stuff."

But Mr. Abbott soon learned to know us better, and with better knowledge came more kindly feelings. The Englishwoman won his admiration entire. She has a far greater influence, he thinks, than the Australian woman, and "she is usually very good to look upon."

How many pretty faces, and neat figures, and lithe, active carriages it is possible to behold in every walk of English life. What wonderfully delicate and pretty complexions one may see among the typewriters, the waitresses, the flower-girls—all the varied and varying constituents of the stream of femininity which flows morning and evening in and out of London. And the wholesome good looks of the Englishwoman are all the more to be remarked, because of the fact that as a rule she dresses very badly.

The contrast between East and West in London, between wealth beyond anything he had imagined and poverty more pitiful than Australians can believe possible, naturally made a sombre impression upon the "Outlander." He truly calls it "a puzzle too vast for easy, offhand solution, a puzzle which England will have to face and solve."

A GENUINE THRILL.

There have not been many good murder-mystery tales of late years. The excitement caused by "The Leavenworth Case," "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and the like belongs to a bygone period. To-day, however, there is published a story which will bear comparison with any sensational novel of the past. It is called "The Four Just Men" (Tallis Press, Temple-chambers, E.C., 3s. 6d.), and Mr. Edgar Wallace has put into it all his ingenuity as well as his trenchant, entertaining style.

To tell the story would be to spoil the reader's enjoyment. Enough to say that the "Four Just Men" have made themselves feared in many parts of the world by taking summary vengeance upon criminals whom the law cannot touch; that they decide that a British Foreign Minister is committing a crime against humanity by proposing that Britain should give up foreigners accused of political offences when they have taken refuge on her shores; and that they create a tremendous sensation in London by their mysterious warnings to him and to others.

Finally he dies by their hand, in spite of unparalleled police precautions. How he dies we are not told. If you can discover the cause from the clues given in the book you may win a prize of £250. Altogether £2500 is to be distributed among those who send in the best solutions. This alone would sell the book, but really it needs no such adventitious aid. Everybody who can find amusement in a really thrilling plot, worked up with unusual skill and with neat character-sketches to save it from being commonplace, should make a point of reading "The Four Just Men."

The prices of books are a standing mystery to me. Here is "The Day-Book of Claudius Clear" (Holder and Stoughton), a collection of the "British Weekly" essays of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, costing only 3s. 6d. There is as much wisdom and observation and humour and helpful criticism of life in this volume as in a dozen ordinary novels. Yet you never get a novel for less than six shillings! What is the meaning of this discrepancy? Possibly it lies in this: that only the libraries buy novels, and that the "Day-Book" will be bought by thousands of people to keep on their shelves, and to be often dipped into for comfort and recreation. Yes, I expect that is the explanation. Books that sell in large numbers can be produced cheaper than those which have a limited sale. And I have no doubt whatever that Dr. Robertson Nicoll's book will sell in very large numbers, indeed.

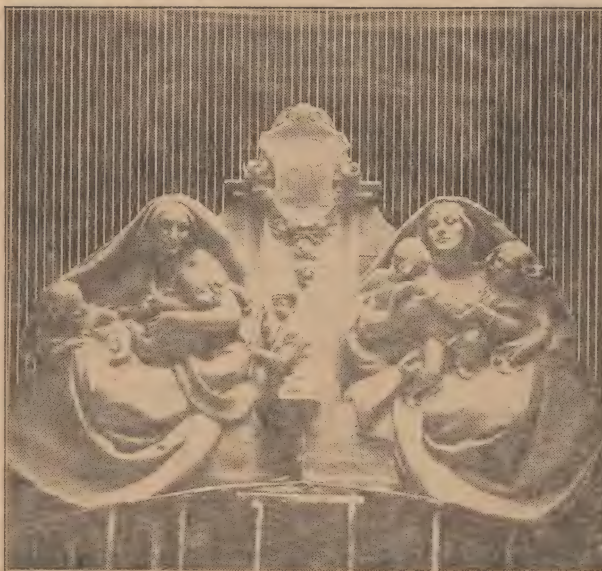
H. H. F.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT,



Who has just returned home from a visit to the Far East. She was feted in China and Japan. Her father refused to allow her to break the record from San Francisco to Washington in an express train.—(By courtesy of "Munsey's Magazine.")

NEW WAR OFFICE DECORATIONS.



These enormous figures, which appear quite small from the pavement, adorn the front of the new palatial War Office buildings. They are the work of Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., who appears in the picture at work on one of the statues.

ANTIPON

"GETS A GRIP"
ON FAT. - -

Yes, that is the expression which defines the wonderful action of that wonderful remedy, Antipon, now famous the wide world over: it "gets a grip" on fat: it destroys by gradual but rapid absorption all the superfluous, all the diseased, fatty deposits that clog the system, and at the same time eradicates the fatal tendency to "make fat"—that tendency which seems to defy the most determined attempts to bring down the weight by a rigorously limited dietary. Antipon does not exact any disagreeable restrictions as to food and drink. Quite the contrary. Its splendid tonic action on the digestive organs has the effect of promoting a hearty appetite and assisting digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. The result is obvious. The wholesome food consumed in normal quantities, and thoroughly digested, goes to make rich new blood, which in turn goes to create new muscular tissue, bone tissue, nerve tissue, brain tissue. In the human body there is a constant alternation of exhaustion and repair. It stands to reason, therefore, that when the dangerous old-time processes of reducing weight were indulged in—processes which were generally nothing better than gradual starvation, aggravated by mineral drugging, cathartics, sweating, and other abuses—the exhaustion exceeded the repair. Hence poor blood (anemia), loss of vitality, depression, faintness, dizziness, and other evils. The system cannot stand such a strain. Nature rebels, and the worst consequences ensue. The Antipon treatment is, then, based on the principle that while the drain of fat-reduction is going on strength must be increased by "feeding up." That is why this wonderful treatment has found favour with the highest authorities, and to judge by the constantly-increasing demand, with the stout portion of the world's inhabitants as well.

Antipon "gets a grip" on fat from the beginning. Within twenty-four hours after taking the first doses there is a decrease ranging from 8oz. to 3lb.—in extreme cases the latter figure is often exceeded—and this is followed always by a daily diminution, sure, steady, and satisfactory, until normal conditions of weight and proportions are lastingly re-established. The doses may be discontinued forthwith. The tendency to stoutness, as we have pointed out, is eradicated.

Stout people are not always aware of the risks they run. There forms about the vital organs, within and without, a mass of fatty matter which gradually encroaches on the freedom of action of those organs, especially the heart. Fatty degeneration ensues, sometimes with fatal results. Antipon removes all this fatty matter, and the beneficial effect is obvious. Sincerely, no stout person, however disappointed he or she may have been with the remedies they have tried, should neglect to try the Antipon treatment, which has the crowning virtue of being comparatively inexpensive.

Antipon is composed of pure and harmless vegetable substances in a liquid form. It is agreeably and refreshingly tart, and in appearance like a light red French wine. It can be taken at all times without inconvenience or any disagreeable after-effects. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 33, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

STARTLING TESTIMONY.

"20th August, 1905.

"The Antipon Company,—I am writing to tell you how delighted I am with the results of taking your Antipon. For twenty-five years I have been very stout, and gradually getting worse, until last February, in a sort of desperation, I began to take your medicine on the advice of a friend. Before the first dose I weighed just 1st. (I am 5ft. 1in. in height); now I weigh 10st. 13lb. I have had the challenge I wore in February weighed; it is 21lb. heavier than what I wear now. Allowing for this difference I am 52lb. lighter than I was before taking Antipon. But, better still, I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well, so very different from the breathless, tired woman I have been of late years. I have spoken of it to many friends, and two ladies I know have commenced the treatment; possibly several others who do not care to admit the fact. It is nearly two months since I left off taking Antipon, and I have not gained an ounce in weight, so I think I may regard my cure as permanent. Now, I never should have written this letter if I had not been certain my name and address would not be made public, but if any poor lady suffering from excessive stoutness would be encouraged to try your treatment and obtain the benefit I have obtained, I should not object to your giving her, privately, my name and address, and I would answer any questions put to me. I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon.

"P.S.—I may say that it was a chemist's assistant now in London who recommended your Antipon."

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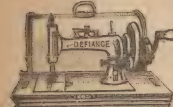
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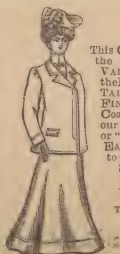
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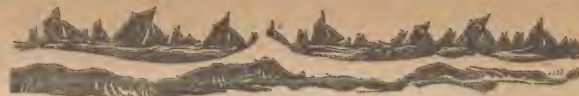
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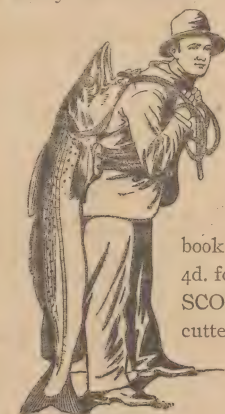
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Circumstances alter cases,
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WORKING WOMEN AND THEIR WORK-A-DAY DRESSES—SOME SUGGESTIONS AND TWO PATTERNS.

WINTER HABILIMENTS.

A SERVICEABLE AND SENSIBLE CHOICE IN CLOTHES.

In one of the premier business offices of the metropolis, where numbers of women shorthand writers and typists are employed, the head of the clerical department, who is a man, has entered into a compact with the women who work under his direction. He has promised not to smoke in their presence if they will consent not to wear in the office scent, false pearls, and other items of frivolity in dress. The scheme works excellently, for the banishment of perfume and pearls has led to greater sartorial sobriety in other directions, as well as to the improved appearance of the workers themselves and that of the office in which they work.

Judged by Her Attire.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that this employer of labour, when he interviews a would-be woman worker, always judges much by her personal appearance as to whether she will suit him or not. If she is arrayed in a trained skirt and collarless blouse, or in one of the type made with a lace yoke and known as pneumonia shirts, he inquires no further as to her capabilities. Cheap furs he greatly dislikes, and fly-away boas and ruffles, while as to the enormous cartwheel hats that so many working women appear to approve, the mere shadow of one when it looms before him is enough to make him give the aspirant for fame and fortune an instant congé, as will also a touselled head of hair, tortured into what its owner fondly believes is the latest mode in coiffures.

It is really very inconsistent of women to dress as so many of them do for office work, in raiment that is by no means suited to the important tasks they are to get through during the day. Supposing men were to arrive at the scenes of their labour in flannels and gaudily-striped shirts, with boating or tennis headgear, or perchance without any hat at all, what would their chiefs say to them?

Why Good Fabrics Should Be Bought.

Another cause for the abandonment of showy raiment during the hours of work is that simplicity of attire is one of the salient features of this winter's best and most exclusive toilettes. Beautiful material may be used, but it must be modelled on simple lines and beautifully cut and made. It is not, of course, urged that working women should wear these costly fabrics, or that they should strain their resources to employ tailors whose charges are great. Fortunately, in England good materials can be purchased at marvellously economical prices, and with the help of a well-cut pattern wonders may be achieved at home by girls who are clever with their brains, scissors, needles, and sewing-machines.

Supposing a skirt like the one shown on this page to-day be aimed at, the pattern that can be purchased for it will be found of eminent service. It is cut with only one seam, and that appears down the back of the skirt, where an inverted pleat occurs—and all the material required is three and a quarter yards of double-width serge, chevrot, or cloth of any description. As for the trimming provided, I show a band of coarse mesh braid, as smart as it is serviceable, in the sketch; but for this might be substituted a stitched band of the material itself, under which condition a little more would have to be bought.

The blouse depicted is one carried out in delaine

or flannel worn with a white linen collar and a soft satin tie threaded through the fronts of the shirt. Four yards of single-width material, such as flannel or silk, would be required to cut the pattern.

The neatest choice in delaine, flannel, or silk is one that matches the skirt in colour, and that is patterned with a bird's-eye spot, or with a hair-line stroke. Worn with a felt turban or a sailor hat of the new shape smartly but neatly trimmed with a sash of velvet round the crown, and at one side a couple of cocarde rosettes, and a serviceable

jacket, this makes a toilette that weather of the most ineluctable description cannot sufly.

Patterns of the skirt and blouse that are shown in the picture can be supplied separately. The cost is 6d. each, or tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3d. Write to the Carmelite Paper Pattern Department D.M., 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., and send postal orders only. Ask for No. 167 if the skirt is required, and for No. 187 if the blouse is wanted, and mention the two numbers if both patterns are to be sent.



A neat blouse and skirt suit for a woman clerk to wear.

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

(Continued from page 10.)

to crave a song from a famous singer numbered among her guests.

Balshaw was left alone with Clare. "Let me find a seat for you," he said, and escorted her to a recess. A sense of triumph thrilled him.

Ivor Armytage still played with his toy moustache, apparently unconcerned; but the pink flush on the pale, waxen cheeks, had deepened. Clare was openly deifying him; but he would make her suffer for this. He was in a position to do so; he was her master.

CHAPTER VII.

Clarice, the maid, having assisted her mistress to exchange her evening gown for a wrap—a clinging, mazy thing that subtly betrayed the beauty of her figure—had retired, and Mrs. Wilbraham was alone in her boudoir.

For awhile she sat, staring into space, her clenched hands pressed to her cheeks, trying to answer questions and a prey to bewildering emotions—fear, doubt, admiration, and a strange longing, tinged with jealousy.

She was still in the throes of doubt, swayed this way and that, now telling herself that she was the victim of a delusion, now recalling the staggering impression received when she held Richard Balshaw's rough hand between her own. She must make sure.

Springing to her feet, she glided swiftly to a bureau, and took from a drawer some common, unstamped notepaper and envelopes. From another drawer she took a roll of 45 notes. One of these

she carefully cut in half with a pair of scissors. Then, taking a sheet of the cheap note-paper, she wrote, with her left hand:—

"I do trust this will find you better. Your message grieved me; but what can I do? Only hope for better news. Be assured of my forgiveness—it was given long ago. Who was 'Messenger from Mars'? Let me know. It is of vital importance."

Having underlined "Who was 'Messenger from Mars,'" she placed the unsigned note in a cheap envelope, which she sealed down. Still writing with her left hand, she scrawled a number on the envelope, and enclosed in another cheap envelope with the half of the 45 note, round which was folded a blank sheet of paper. She did not address the outer envelope; but wrote upon another sheet of paper: "Please transmit at once, and forward reply. Urgent." This and the covering envelope she enclosed in yet another envelope of superior texture, and addressed, with her right hand, to Mrs. Maddock, 17, Crowfield-road, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.

Mrs. Maddock would transmit the envelope within the envelope to a prison warder's wife, the wife to her husband, and the husband to a convict lying grievously sick in a prison infirmary. A reply would return through the same channels, and on its receipt the second half of the bank-note would be duly forwarded.

Mrs. Wilbraham locked her hands across her throbbing brows.

"My poor, pathetic incubus!" she murmured. "What a frightful price we women must sometimes pay for a fleeting passion!" She laughed bitterly. "If I had only been a little less virtuous in those days—and as discreet as I am now. It burnt on so quickly. And nothing left but the ashes and pity and an accursed bond!"

Her eyes wandered to a photograph standing on her bureau. It was a picture of a solid-faced man with side-whiskers and the complacent expression of a prosperous tradesman. It was a photograph of the late Leo Wilbraham, whose huge fortune was founded on a liver-pill.

She shrugged her superb shoulders that gleamed white through her diaphanous wrap.

And, of course, poor Leo was most worthy and devoted; but he was very irritable, and we had not a single thing in common—after the little one died!

She picked up her letter, and glanced at the silver clock on her bureau. It was past two. The letter-box in the hall would be closed at seven in the morning. As a rule, she posted such letters herself in Leicester; but the matter was too urgent to admit of delay. And the risk of posting in the box in the hall was infinitesimal. Pryce, the butler, would place the contents in the mail-bag.

Mrs. Wilbraham slipped quietly from her boudoir into the corridor, dimly lit with a single lamp for the night, just as the man who preyed so badly on her mind at one time and stirred her heart so strangely at another affixed a stamp to a letter addressed to John Pym, and stepped from his room, his destination also the box in the hall.

(To be continued.)

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FRAME-FOOD is a fine breakfast and supper dish for everyone as well as the best food for babies.

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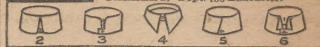
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Stylish, Economical, Convenient.

Fresh, useful, and never on market before. Not distinguishable from linen. Will not crack or turn yellow. Always ready for wear. When rolled, washes in soap and water and dried on towel. After this snowy white as before. No starching required. Collars, 6d., or 2 for 10 (late 12s. depth, and style when 6 d. 12s.). Cuffs, 1/- pair. Fronts, 1/- each. Rows, 1/- each. 12s. pair. Post free. Supplied only by PARKER'S, 115, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. Agents wanted. PARKER'S, Dept. 136 Lancaster.



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AN ELEGANT FUR NECKLET, as illustrated, lined throughout, warm, comfortable, and fashionable—the most delightful present for any lady at this season of the year. DO NOT LAY AND MISS THIS CHANCE. Write to-day.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

Sheffield Wednesday Still Lead—
The Bloomer Testimonial.
TO-MORROW'S PROSPECTS.

Quite the feature of last week's programme was the victory of Liverpool over Manchester City at Hyde-road. The ex-Captain was never in the hunt, and must thank the fine goalkeeping of Edmondson for the small score made against them.

Though only reserve to Hillman, Edmondson has, since he was drafted into the team, displayed form equal to the best ever known by the old Burnley man, and it is rather curious that we are extremely well off for custodians this season. Thus one may cite Hardy of Liverpool; Wolstenholme, of Bury; Evans, of Blackburn Rovers; and Bromfield, of Bolton Wanderers; all men who came really as second choice to their respective clubs.

Sheffield Wednesday still continue in a winning vein, and are now clearly at the head of the table, although both Derby County and Birmingham have a chance of equalling the record of the Owlerton team. Aston Villa are well within the running, though their form at Bury was none too good.

Derby County, though far from prolific scorers, have a defence which is only equalled by that of Birmingham. Of the two teams I have an idea that Birmingham will be the strongest candidate for the championship, for their forwards are of a more bustling type, even if they do not possess such an artist as Bloomer.

Mention of the last-named recalls to mind the poor response to his testimonial. Outside local circles the subscriptions have been meagre indeed, considering the services rendered to English football by the popular international, and though the testimonial business is being rather overdone in both cricket and football circles one would have anticipated a more liberal reply.

Newcastle United are gradually finding their feet, so to speak, and the re-introduction of Appleby has evoked wonders. Like Liverpool, the League champions have been some time in settling down; and another team which is at last fulfilling expectations is Notts Forest.

An Unlucky Club.

Bolton Wanderers are quite the most unlucky club at the bottom end of the table, and good though the team is there is a lack of intelligence forward which has kept the club down. Bury are apparently hopeless, and despite the advent of the ex-Blackburn Rover, Dewhurst, in the forwards, only one man in the van, and that the Richards (the only attacker left of the Cup tie team), is playing up to First League form.

In the Second Division Manchester United astonished their most perfidious admirers by defeating Hull City, and this fact, coupled with the introduction of the smart Irishman, Donaghy, who played so well in the inter-League match, is distinctly promising as regards promotion. Bristol City are, however, going stronger than ever, but the defeat of Chelsea at Burslem has played havoc with the prospects of the new metropolitan club.

Still, Rome was not built in a day, and the newcomers to League football have still a chance of retrieving their position. There is a full list in the First Division to-morrow, and I anticipate a great game at Stoke, where Sheffield Wednesday are the visitors. The home club has done none too well of late, and the Blades, in the full tide of success, should just pull through.

The meeting of the two Notts points to a victory for Forest, but form is apt to go astray in these local matches. Blackburn Rovers v. Birmingham at Ewood park presents a difficult problem, but the visitors' defence is so good that they should at least divide the honours, if not—as at Bolton—actually win.

Bolton entertain Derby County, and here again form may be upset, though I quite anticipate a narrow win for the visitors. Liverpool, on current form, ought to triumph over Bury at Anfield.

Newcastle will have no difficult task to defeat Preston at home, and the same remark applies to Aston Villa against Middlesbrough, but Sheffield United did so badly against Notts Forest that Manchester City have a great chance of proving successful at Bramall-lane.

Sunderland have shown great improvement of late, but not to such an extent as to warrant anticipations of the Weariders beating Wolverhampton Wanderers at Wolverhampton. I fancy Everton will prove too good for the Whitebirds at Plumstead.

Of the teams at the head of the Second Division, Manchester United and Bristol City are at home to Lincoln and Chesterfield respectively, and should experience no difficulty in winning, and Chelsea have a great chance in their home match with Barnsley.

THROSTLE.

RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Midland Counties Beat Kent—Poor Form at Blackheath.

In beating Kent at Blackheath yesterday by 2 tries to 1 try, the Midland Counties gained their second win in the county competition, having previously defeated the East Midlands.

They deserved their victory, but did not play good football. Neither did Kent. It was an exasperating kind of game. The forwards on both sides accomplished much good work in the scrum, and used their feet well in the open, but both teams seemed almost entirely lacking in scoring powers.

Just when there appeared a prospect of some decent play by the backs someone blundered. All through there was far too much kicking. The men seemed afraid to run, and when they did it was across the ground. When will our halves and three-quarters learn to run straight? It is idle to make for the touch-line in order to reach the goalposts. The New Zealanders do not make such a silly mistake.

There were several instances yesterday when a player would have gained much ground by going on straight for all he was worth. As though drawn by a magnet he always made for the touch-line, drew everybody after him, and generally muddled up things.

Sound and skilful kicking is a great art, but one can have too much of it, and we had too much yesterday. One would have preferred to have seen some straight running and old-fashioned hand-offing. It would have paid much better.

Rose, the Midlands full-back, played a capital game, fielding the ball safely, and nearly always finding touch with his kicks. By his sound defence he materially helped his side. He was the individual success of the afternoon.

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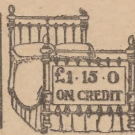
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suite, 25s.; etc. etc. Morning-room furniture Suite mas-
sive carved frames, 64 15s.; lofty walnut overmantel,
19s. 6d.; extending dining table, 30s.; large Brussels
carpet, 21s.; and skin rug, 8s. 6d. The bedroom furni-
ture will be sacrificed regardless of cost, 5 very elegant
Sheraton suites at 14 guineas; 2 double walnut suites at
28 10s.; smaller suites at 12 10s.; bedsteads, all-brass,
25s.; 2 black and brass bedsteads, 12s. 6d.; must be
sold; chance of a lifetime: 2 pianos, 1 by Erard, price
22 guineas, and 1 by Ashton, late of Coleridge, 10 guineas;
Siegenberg's Furnishings Store and Depository, 272 and
274, Pentonville-rd., King's Cross, London, Right facing
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